



# THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

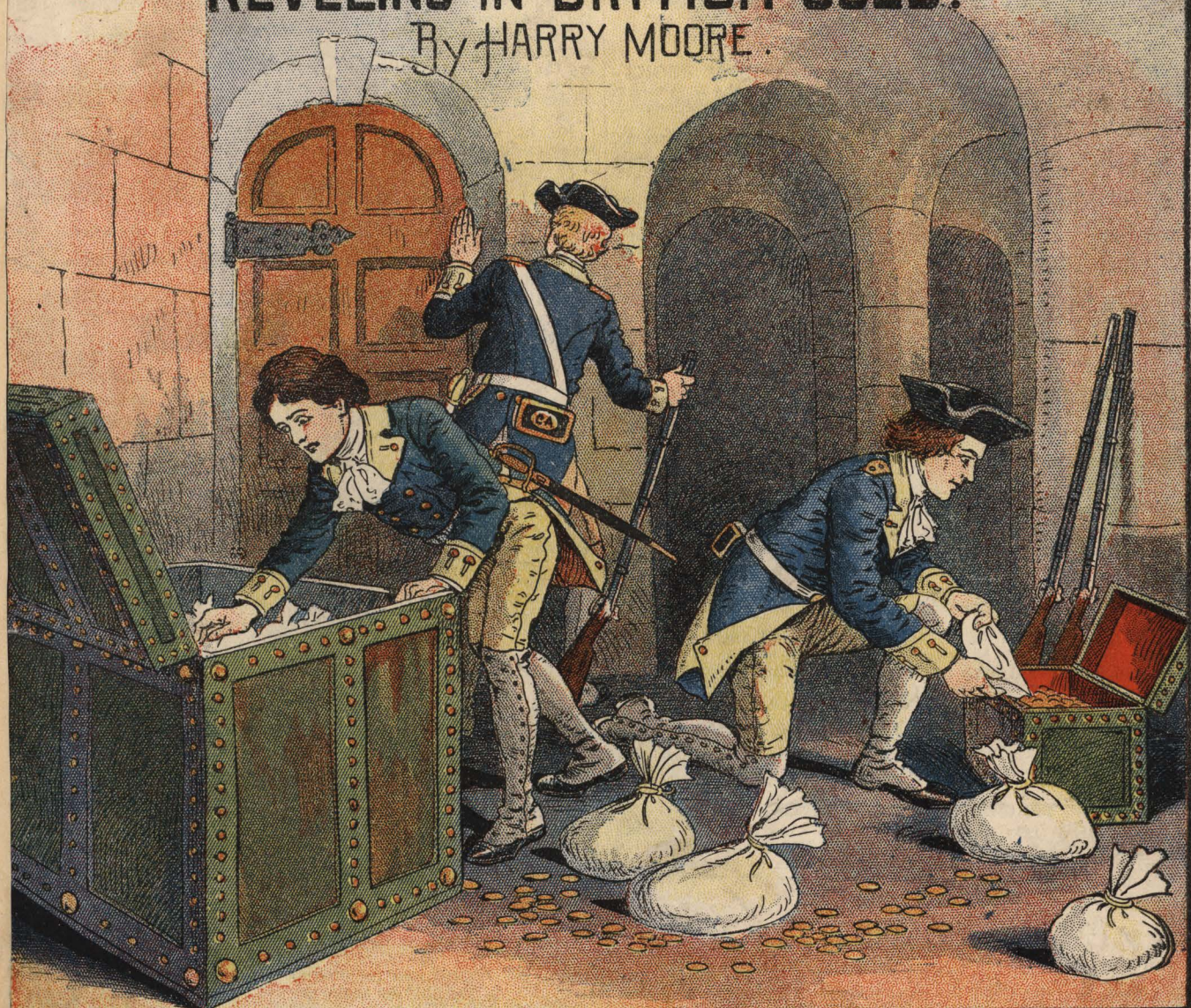
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(Continued on page 3 of cover.)



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## CHAPTER I.

### A BOY AND A MULE.

"Whoa, there!"

"Great guns, fellows, look there!"

"Did any one ever see the like of that?"

"I never did."

"Nor I."

"Say, young fellow, where are you going with that mule?"

"You had better say, where is the mule going with the boy."

It was about the middle of the afternoon of a beautiful day in July, 1778.

Place: New York City.

A strange scene for New York City.

A comical one in some of its aspects, too.

It was on Broadway, near its northernmost end, where it entered the Common—what is now City Hall Park.

On the sidewalk at one side was a group of British soldiers.

There were six in the group and they were a lively set of fellows.

As they had been drinking and were about half-way intoxicated, they were feeling in a mood for sport.

They had been wishing for something to come up that would enable them to have some fun, and now their wish had been gratified.

Something had come up which certainly promised to give them a chance for fun.

The "something" in question was a youth of about eighteen or nineteen years, seated astride an ugly, white mule.

The mule was an extraordinarily large, raw-boned animal, and was so dirty that it could just be determined that its original color had been white, and that was all.

The youth was a comical-looking specimen, also—that is, in so far as dress was concerned.

He wore a blue cotton shirt, coat and pants of coarse homespun, coarse cowhide shoes and red, knit socks.

The pants were about six inches too short for him.

They came scarcely to his ankles.

They did not reach to the top of his shoes by about three inches, and this left that amount of red sock showing.

The coat was too small, the tail of it coming but very little below the youth's waist, while the sleeves extended to about half way between his elbow and wrist.

On the youth's head was an old, dilapidated slouch hat, with a dozen holes in it.

Underneath the brim of that old, slouch hat, however, was a handsome, determined face out of which gleamed a pair of as keen, gray eyes as ever adorned a human face.

To the ordinary observer, however, to one who did not look closely enough to note the youth's features, but simply took in the ungainly mule and the ill-dressed seeming country youth, in a general way, the spectacle was a comical one, to say the least.

And that is the way the redcoats looked at it.

They saw it as a whole.

They saw all the comical features and did not for one moment suspect that the youth on the mule was other than what he seemed—a green, awkward, ignorant country bumpkin.

They never made a bigger mistake in their lives, however, than when they sized the rider of the mule up thus.

The youth in question was not only not an ignorant country bumpkin, but he was as keen and shrewd a youth as ever lived.

It would have been hard to make the British soldiers believe it doubtless, but the youth, of whom they had been making sport, and who, mounted upon the ungainly, white mule, made such a comical showing, was more dangerous to the British army than a regiment of patriot soldiers would be.

For the youth—as readers who have read others of the "Liberty Boys" stories have, no doubt, guessed—was Dick Slater, the patriot spy, in disguise.

To those who are reading the "Liberty Boys" stories for the first time, I will say that Dick Slater was a noted spy.

During the two years that he had been in the patriot



army he had earned such a reputation in this respect that he had become known as "The Champion Spy of the Revolution."

Dick had organized a company of one hundred youths of about his own age and had been made captain of it.

This company was known as "The Liberty Boys of '76."

The youths had done splendid work for the great cause.

They had fought bravely at the battles of Long Island, White Plains, Brandywine, Germantown, Trenton, Monmouth and in a host of minor engagements.

In every battle the "Liberty Boys" had made themselves conspicuous by their great daring and reckless bravery.

At the time of which I write, the latter part of July, 1778, General Washington and the patriot army occupied a position at White Plains, where they had gone immediately after the battle of Monmouth.

General Clinton and the British army had gone to New York City and were occupying it at the time I introduce Dick Slater to the reader's notice.

And now to return to our story.

When the redcoats began guying Dick and making all sorts of remarks about him and his mule, the youth at first paid no attention to them.

"I don't care about getting into any difficulty with them," he said to himself; "they are half drunk and ripe for deviltry."

He simply kicked the mule in the ribs as though trying to make the animal move faster, and said, "gid-dap!"

The mule broke into a trot, which jolted Dick up and down in a manner which threatened to shake his teeth out.

The mule's gait, while rough and jolty, carried him along at a fairly rapid pace, and he would soon have carried Dick beyond the reach of the redcoats' voices had they permitted it.

They were out for fun, however.

They did not wish to let slip such a good chance for sport.

They rushed out into the street, and getting in front of the mule, caught hold of the bits and brought the animal to a stop.

"Whoa, there, King Solomon!" cried one.

"Say, young fellow, where did you get this animal?"

"Is this really a mule, or is it one of those sacred white elephants from Siam?"

"Say, mister, ef ye reely wanter know, I kin tell ye how ye kin find out," said Dick, assuming the look of an ignorant country youth to perfection.

He could do this for he was a fine actor.

"How?" asked the redcoat, curiously.

"W'y, go aroun' berhind him an' twist his tail; ef he's er mule, he'll kick; an' ef he don't kick——"

Dick was interrupted by a roar of laughter from the redcoats.

Dick's answer amused them.

"Say, that's all right!" cried one.

"That's a joke on you, Habberton!" exclaimed another.

"The young fellow is smarter than he looks, by Jove!" from a third.

"I guess he think's he's smart!" growled the one addressed as Habberton. "Say, you young monkey, don't you dare talk saucy to me!"

Dick was a youth who under ordinary circumstances would not allow himself to be talked to in such a fashion.

He would have resented it instantly and the other fellow would have had a fight on his hands.

Now, however, it was not the youth's game to bring about a difficulty.

So he did not show resentment when the redcoat called him a monkey.

Instead, he simulated a look of innocence and pretended to be frightened.

"I didn't mean nuthin', mister," he said; "I wuzn't tryin' ter be smart er sassy. I thort ye thort mebbey ther mule wuz an ellerfunt, an' I wuz jes' a-tryin' ter tell ye how ye c'ud fin' out, thet's all."

The redcoat looked at Dick, suspiciously.

The youth looked so innocent, however, that the redcoat was deceived.

"Well, you'd better not talk saucy to me," Habberton said, threateningly. "That's something I don't allow from anybody."

"I guess ye're right, mister; ennybuddy kin see thet ye're er dangerous feller."

"You are right; I am dangerous," said the fellow, swelling out his chest and glaring at Dick, fiercely.

The fact of the matter was, he was a sort of bully, and Dick could not have said anything that would have pleased him more than when he said the fellow looked dangerous.

Just then a happy thought struck one of the redcoats.

"Say, fellows, do you want some sport?" he asked.

"Yes, yes!"

"Of course we do!"

"You know that without asking, old man."

"We're always in for fun."

"That's what we're out for."

"Well, I can tell you how we can have some fun."

"How?"

"Can you?"



"Do it, then."

"Yes, tell us quick."

The redcoats were eager to hear what their companion had to suggest.

"All right, I'll tell you. Do you see this mule?"

"We can't very well help it, old fellow," laughed one.

"We could see him if he was a mile away," from another.

"Oh, yes, we see the mule. What of it?" from a third.

"What of it?"

"Yes."

"Just this: I suppose it's been a long time since any of you have had the pleasure of enjoying a horseback ride on a mule?"

The others laughed.

"A horseback ride on a mule!" laughed one.

"Say, aren't you getting a little bit mixed, Grimsley?" asked another.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," with a laugh. "Muleback ride, then, if that suits you any better. I suppose none of you have taken such a ride lately."

All shook their heads.

There was a broad grin on the face of each.

They thought they knew what was coming.

"I never did ride a mule," said one.

"Neither did I."

"Nor I."

The redcoat shook his head in a manner that betokened disapproval.

"I'm surprised at you, fellows," he said; "you certainly have not improved your opportunities, but there is no need of your depriving yourselves of such a luxury a minute longer. Here is a mule, a good, big, fellow, too, and you can have a ride if you wish to."

This struck the other redcoats as being an exceedingly good idea.

It certainly promised considerable in the way of novelty and sport.

This was what they were looking for, and they seized upon the idea at once.

They quickly gave their approval to the suggestion.

"Just the thing!"

"Glorious idea!"

"Brilliant scheme!"

"Grimsley, you're a genius!"

Such were the exclamations indulged in.

Grimsley folded his arms and struck an attitude.

"Thanks," he said; "I knew you would be pleased with the idea."

"Of course; how could we help being?" replied one.

"How will we do it?" asked Habberton. "Will we ride one at a time, or all at once?"

Now, had it been possible for all of them to get on the mule at once, nothing would have pleased those wild, young blades better than to have done so.

The mule, however, though an unusually large animal, could not well accommodate all of them at once.

"I'll tell you what we will do," said Grimsley; "he'll hold three of us, easily. We'll take turns about and ride in squads of three."

This struck the rest as being a good idea, and they expressed their opinion of it in words.

"That'll be all right."

"Just the thing."

"I'm going to be one to have the first ride."

"And I."

"And I."

Dick had sat quietly there, listening to the conversation.

He had not uttered a word, but when Grimsley turned to him and said, "Hop down off that mule, young fellow!" he uttered a protest.

"I don't want'er git down, mister; I've got some business ter 'tend to down ther street."

"Oh, you have?"

"Yas, I hev."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter; your business can wait."

"It will have to wait whether you want it to or not!" from another.

"Get off that mule, or we'll throw you off!" growled Habberton.

Dick saw that it would do no good to remonstrate.

The redcoats had made up their mind to have some fun, and were determined to have it.

If he were to refuse to dismount the redcoats could easily pull him off.

Had he been on the ground he might have been able to offer resistance, with some chance of success, but seated on the mule he would be unable to do anything.

He was the more willing to do this because of a certain thought which came to him.

He believed that he knew of a way to get even with the redcoats.

"Ye needn't mind tryin' ter throw me off," said Dick; "I'll git off."

"That's sensible; down with you!" said Grimsley, approvingly.

Dick leaped to the ground at once.

"Now, then, you three fellows who are to ride first, will please mount the noble quadruped," said Grimsley.



Habberton and two of his comrades proceeded to mount the mule.

They had some trouble in getting on the animal's back, but with the assistance of their comrades managed to do so.

By this time quite a crowd had collected.

The crowd was made up of both soldiers and civilians in about equal proportions.

During a good portion of the time during the past two years, New York had been occupied by British troops, and the citizens had become very well acquainted with the redcoats and their ways.

Hence, when the crowd saw the six soldiers stop the youth and the mule they were sure there was going to be some sport, and gathered near so as to be in a position to see and enjoy it.

As soon as the three were seated on the mule's back, they were saluted by Grimsley and his two comrades on the ground.

"We salute your royal highnesses!" said Grimsley, in a grandiloquent tone of voice. "Now, proceed on thy way and give the noble quadruped a chance to show his paces."

"He hain't no pacer, mister; he's a trotter he is."

Grimsley laughed.

"So he's a trotter, is he? What's his name?"

"Jehoserfat."

"Jehosaphat, what a name!" exclaimed Grimsley.

"Then he waved his hand to his comrades on the mule's back.

"Away with you!" he cried. "I'm in a hurry to get to take my ride upon the great Jehosaphat."

"Gid-dap!" said the three mounted redcoats in unison.

The animal did not move.

The crowd laughed.

"He's in no hurry about going."

"Twist his tail."

"Your comrades will have to get behind and push."

"One of you will have to get in front with a measure of oats and toll him along."

"The mule is asleep; you'll have to wake him up before you can go."

"Gid-dap!" roared the three redcoats.

Then they kicked the animal in the ribs with considerable vigor.

This had the desired effect.

The mule moved down the street at a walk.

"Faster! faster!" cried Grimsley. "Can't you make him move faster than that?"

The three redcoats kicked with renewed vigor and finally succeeded in urging the animal into a trot.

It was a very rough trot, indeed.

The three soldiers bounced up and down at a great rate. They were anything but good equestrians, and it was all they could do to hold on.

The crowd roared with laughter.

It was certainly a comical spectacle.

Dick himself was greatly amused.

He felt very much like laughing, but managed to keep his face straight.

The three rode down the street perhaps a block, and then turning around, started back.

When they were perhaps half way back, a shrill whistle was suddenly heard.

Instantly the mule stopped.

Then he humped up his back and began bucking at a great rate.

The redcoats gave utterance to yells of fright, and did their best to stay on the animal's back, but to no avail.

Suddenly up into the air shot all three.

Down they came in a mixed-up heap on the ground, and the mule, turning calmly around, began kicking at the three in an extremely business-like manner.

The three realized their danger and the way they scrambled out of the way was a caution.

The crowd roared with laughter.

## CHAPTER II.

### "JEHOSAPHAT" MAKES IT LIVELY FOR THE REDCOATS.

As the reader has surmised, Dick had given utterance to the whistle.

The mule, although an ungainly, ugly beast, was very sagacious and had been taught some tricks by the soldier boys.

One of these tricks was to hump up his back and buck at a given signal, and the signal was a shrill whistle.

Dick had thought of playing this trick upon the fellow before he had dismounted, and this it was that made him the more willing to do so without demur.

If the crowd enjoyed the affair which had just taken place, the three principal actors in it did not.

They were about as mad as three men could well be.

Indeed, they were almost wild with rage.

Habberton was perhaps the most angry one of the lot because of the fact that one of the mule's hoofs had struck him as he was scrambling out of the way, and had added materially to the speed with which he had been able to accomplish it.



Habberton was a fellow who always wanted to have revenge.

As soon as he got to his feet he looked around him.

His eyes fell upon a board which lay in the gutter.

The board was about six inches wide and seven or eight feet long.

Habberton seized the board, and, rushing out into the street, aimed a terrible blow at the mule.

The animal was far from being asleep, however.

He saw the man coming, saw the blow descending.

Up in the air came his hind legs.

His hoofs shot out.

Crash! they struck the board, splintering it into a dozen pieces and hurling Habberton to the ground.

The mule calmly proceeded to follow up his advantage.

He backed toward where Habberton had fallen, and kept kicking out, energetically and viciously.

Had the hoofs struck the redcoat they would have killed him.

Although sadly demoralized, Habberton realized this fact, and had sense enough to get out of the way.

He rolled over and over until out of range, and then rising to his feet, retreated to the pavement.

And then such a roar as went up!

The spectators fairly shrieked with laughter.

It was the funniest thing they had ever seen in their lives.

"Hurrah for the mule!"

"He's all right!"

"He don't like redcoats."

"You fellows had better take some lessons in riding."

"How did you fellows enjoy your ride, anyhow?"

The redcoats among the spectators had enjoyed the affair fully as much as had the civilians.

They laughed as uproariously and were not at all backward in guying their comrades.

This, of course, did not add to the piece of mind of the three victims.

They had never been so mad in their lives.

Habberton, of course, was the most furious one of the three.

"If I had my pistols here I would shoot that cussed beast!" he cried. "Somebody lend me a pistol, quick!"

The redcoats had left their weapons at their quarters when starting out.

Nobody would let him have a weapon, however.

The mule had furnished them with so much amusement that they had no wish to see it put to death.

"Oh, the mule's all right."

"You can't blame it for acting the way it did."

"It didn't know any better."

"Of course not."

Such were the remarks made by the spectators.

Of course, this did not add anything to the piece of mind of the three redcoats.

"Say, Habberton, what made that fool animal go to bucking with us, anyway?" asked one, as he brushed the dust off his uniform.

"I don't know!" growled Habberton. "I suppose the beast just took a sudden notion to throw us off."

"Say, I heard somebody whistle just before the mule commenced bucking," said the other redcoat; "you don't suppose, now, that that could have had anything to do with the matter, do you?"

Habberton started.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I never thought of that. I heard the whistle, too, and at the same instant that confounded mule stopped and commenced bucking; I'll bet a month's pay that the mule is a trick brute and that the whistle was a signal. I wouldn't have thought that country bumpkin was smart enough to play such a trick, but I believe now that he did do it; let's go and interview him and if we find that he is guilty, we'll just about break every bone in his body."

The three walked up the street to where Dick and the other three redcoats were standing.

"See here, Grimsley, who was that that whistled?" asked Habberton.

Grimsley ignored the question.

"See here, Habberton," he said, "if I couldn't ride better than you fellows can, I would never think of getting on the back of a horse."

"But this wasn't a horse," laughed a bystander; "it was a mule."

"Well, you couldn't have stayed on the animal's back, either," growled Habberton; "the Old Nick himself couldn't stay on the back of that beast when he humps up his back and bucks in that fashion."

Grimsley laughed.

"I could do it," he said, "but I don't think I shall; to tell the truth, I've lost my desire to take a ride. I think I shall postpone it indefinitely."

"I don't care whether you take the ride or not," from Habberton. "One thing is certain, however, and that is that I am going to find out what made that mule buck with us."

"Why, because he wanted to," laughed Grimsley; "that's easy enough, isn't it?"

Habberton shook his head in a dogged fashion.

"There was another reason!" he declared.



"Another reason?"

"Yes; didn't you hear somebody whistle just before the mule began bucking?"

Dick suspected that he was in for some trouble, but no one to have looked at him would have thought he was aware of the fact that trouble was threatening.

He maintained his studied look of innocence.

He looked the ignorant country bumpkin to the life.

"Come to think of it, I did hear somebody whistle," acknowledged Grimsley.

"Of course you did; you could not have helped it. The whistle came from this direction and it is my belief that that young scoundrel there is the person who uttered the whistle."

He pointed his finger at Dick as he spoke.

"Well, but what does that amount to? What if he did whistle? What has that got to do with the bucking of the mule?"

"Why, don't you see?"

Grimsley shook his head.

"I can't say that I do."

"It's very simple."

"Explain."

"All right, I'll do so; to my mind, that mule has been trained to do certain tricks. Bucking is one of those tricks, and the signal for him to do the bucking is undoubtedly a shrill whistle."

Grimsley looked surprised.

"Oh, say, you don't really think that, do you?" he exclaimed.

"I certainly do."

"And you think this young fellow played a trick on you?"

"I am sure of it."

Grimsley turned toward Dick.

The youth still preserved his innocent look.

There was a far-away, vacant expression in his eyes as though he were thinking of nothing in particular and had no interest in what was going on.

"Say, young fellow," remarked Grimsley, eyeing Dick severely, "did you hear what my comrade said?"

"Yas, I heerd et," replied Dick, phlegmatically.

He did not seem the least excited or worried.

"Well, did you give utterance to that whistle?"

Dick thought it no sin to lie to his enemies, so he shook his head.

"No, I didn't whistle," he replied.

"Well, the whistle sounded mighty close to us," Grimsley said, "and I am more than half inclined to think my friend here is right about the whole matter—that the mule

is a trick beast and that the whistle was a signal to him." Dick shook his head.

"No, yer mistook, mister; Jehoserfat hain't no trick mule, an' I didn't whistle."

This denial angered Habberton greatly.

He stepped forward and shook his fist under Dick's nose.

"You lie, you young scoundrel!" he grated. "That is a trick mule and you gave him the signal to do what he did; you needn't deny it, for it won't do any good. And now I am going to give you the worst thrashing you ever had."

Dick looked the fellow straight in the eyes.

"Ye kain't do thet, mister," he said, quietly.

### CHAPTER III.

#### DICK MAKES IT LIVELY FOR THE REDCOATS.

Habberton stared at the youth in blank amazement, while the spectators laughed.

The redcoat could hardly believe that he had heard aright.

Surely the ignorant country booby could not think that he would have any chance with him in a fight!

The idea was absurd.

"What is that you say?" half gasped Habberton.

"W'y, thet ye kain't thrash me, mister!"

Dick was perfectly cool and calm.

The redcoat burst into a laugh.

"Of all the impudence!" he cried. "Well, young fellow, I must say that you go ahead of anything I ever ran across."

"Is thet so?"

"Is that so! Well, I should say it is so. Why, you don't know any more about fighting than one of the pigs running around on your father's farm."

"Oh, is thet so?"

"Of course it's so. And I will very quickly prove it to you, too!"

The redcoat's tone was very threatening, and he made a move as though about to attack the youth.

Dick made a gesture to restrain Habberton.

"Hol' on!" he said.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I wanter talk ter ye a minnet afore this heer rumpus begins."

"Well, say what you have to say, and say it quickly, for I am eager to get even with you for the trick you played on myself and comrades with your blamed old trick mule!"

Dick could hardly help smiling as the remembrance of



the spectacle of the redcoats being thrown by the mule came back to him.

The crowd snickered.

"Whut I wanted ter ax ye wuz this," said Dick: "Ef I giv' ye er good thrashin', kin I take Jehoserfat an' go, without bein' bothered enny more by you fellers?"

"If you thrash me! Why, you young idiot, you couldn't do that in a hundred years!"

"I kin do et in less than er hunderd seekonds!"

Dick's air and tone were so bold and confident that the crowd was amazed.

So was Habberton.

But he was angry as well.

He did not fancy having the supposed country youth talk to him in this manner.

"Look out for yourself, Country!" he cried. "I'm going to go for you now, and I'll tan your hide for you in the latest and most approved fashion, too!"

"Hol' on!" again cried Dick, waving the redcoat back. "Gimme thet prommus, furst."

"What promise?"

"W'y, thet ef I lick ye I'm ter be let take my mule an' go on my way without bein' pestered enny more by you fellers."

"So far as I am concerned you are at liberty to do so—if you whip me," said Habberton; "the promise will amount to nothing, so we might as well give it."

"Ye'll see whut ye'll see!" said Dick.

"Bah! We'll give the promise, eh, boys?" to the other redcoats.

"Oh, yes!"

"Of course!"

"To be sure!"

Such were the replies from Habberton's comrades.

"And we'll see that they keep the promise, young fellow!" from the crowd. "If you thrash your man you shan't be molested further."

"All right; I reckon I'll hev ter giv' 'im er good lickin', then," said Dick, quietly.

The lips of the redcoat curled in scorn.

"I'll knock you senseless with one blow!" he cried.

"I don't think ye will, mister!" retorted Dick. "Thar hez be'n some mighty good men tried ter do thet, an' couldn't."

"Bah! I don't believe it. Look out for yourself!"

Habberton thought he had such an easy thing of it that he felt almost ashamed to attack the youth.

He would not have thought of doing so but for the fact that he felt sure Dick and the mule understood each other, and that the youth had given the mule the signal to buck

and throw himself and companions; the desire for revenge to get even was strong within him, and he made up his mind to give the youth a good thrashing.

"I'll look out fur myself, mister," said Dick; "an' I'd advise ye ter look out fur yerself, too!"

The redcoat laughed scornfully, and, stepping forward, struck out at the face of the youth.

He struck with all his force.

He had no doubt, when he started the blow, that he would land it on the mark aimed at—the face of the youth.

He was treated to a surprise, however.

The seemingly listless country youth suddenly sprang into life.

With his left hand Dick brushed the redcoat's arm aside, causing the man to turn partially around so that his right side was toward him.

Then, quick as a flash of lightning, out shot the youth's fist.

Crack!

The fist landed fair on the side of the redcoat's jaw.

Habberton went reeling backward, and then suddenly lost his balance and sat down very ungracefully.

Dick's foot had slipped just as he delivered the blow, or the redcoat would have gone down like a log.

As it was, he was somewhat shaken up—and so surprised that he hardly knew what had happened.

The crowd was as surprised as was Habberton himself.

The spectators stared in open-mouthed amazement.

They fairly gasped, so great was their wonder.

"Great Jupiter!" cried one. "Who would have thought it!"

"I wouldn't!" from another.

"It beats anything I ever saw!" from a third.

Dick stepped back the instant he delivered the blow, and folding his arms, looked down upon the fallen man.

"Well, whut d'ye think erbout et now?" he inquired, as the other looked up at him and blinked, wonderingly.

A curse escaped the lips of the redcoat.

"You young scoundrel, you can't do that again!" he cried. "It was an accident."

"Oh, yes, uv course et wuz!" retorted Dick. "An' I guess thet thar'll be some more accidents happen aroun' heer purty soon ef ye'll on'y git up an' giv' me er chanst at ye!"

The crowd snickered at this.

They rather liked the cool and calm country youth.

Even those among the spectators who were redcoats did not express any dissatisfaction or disapproval.

Probably they thought that if their comrade could not



thrash the supposed country youth, he deserved to be thrashed himself.

The words of Dick angered Habberton terribly.

The fact that he had been knocked down by the youth in the presence of this crowd was bad enough, since he would never hear the last of it from his comrades; but to have the youth talk in this fashion was simply unbearable.

Habberton leaped to his feet.

"My foot slipped, or he would not have done that," he said, looking around in a defiant manner, as much as to say, "Dispute that, if you dare!"

"My fut slipped, too," remarked Dick, calmly; "ef et hedn't, ye'd 'a' gone down a heap sight harder nor whut ye did, mister."

With a snarl of rage, the redcoat leaped forward.

He did not depend on simply striking one blow, this time. Instead, he fairly showered the blows upon the youth.

He was determined to give the youth no chance to avoid being hit this time.

To the surprise of all—and to none more than to Habberton—the seeming country youth was suddenly transformed into an expert boxer.

He ducked, dodged and evaded many of the blows, parried others and altogether was successful in preventing his opponent from doing him much injury.

The few blows that Habberton did succeed in landing were glancing ones and did not hurt.

It was such a surprising exhibition on Dick's part that the crowd could not help expressing its admiration.

"Say, the boy's all right, isn't he?"

"He certainly is."

"Jove! I believe he'll make his words good."

"It doesn't look as if the other fellow were going to be able to hurt him much."

"You're right about that, for sure!"

Habberton was rendered doubly angry by the remarks of the spectators.

It was very galling to him.

The fact that he could not land a telling blow on his nimble-footed antagonist, rattled him, too.

He redoubled his exertions.

He struck out more wildly, fiercely and rapidly than ever.

He hoped to be able to land a blow, presently, and if he succeeded he was sure that the fight would be brought to an abrupt termination.

He did not believe the supposed country youth could stand more than one good, hard blow.

But landing that blow was the difficulty.

Dick was so quick and active and was withal so expert a boxer that the other could not do more than hit him an occasional glancing blow, which, of course, did scarcely any damage.

Dick made no attempt to return the blows.

He was content to work on the defensive.

He was sure that the opportunity to get back at his adversary would soon come.

He could wait.

Presently the opportunity came.

Habberton, exhausted by his efforts, paused in the attack.

His fists seemed to weigh a ton, and he let them drop at his side.

Fatal mistake.

Dick took a quick step forward.

Out shot his right arm.

He had measured the distance carefully with his eye, and the fist struck the redcoat between the eyes, with a crack that could be heard a block.

Dick had put all his force into the blow, and the result proved that the force was considerable.

Down went the redcoat as if he had been struck with a sledgehammer, his body striking the ground with a thud.

A long-drawn-out "Ah-h-h-h-h!" escaped the crowd.

The spectators were amazed.

"Great Jupiter, what a lick!"

"That was a crack second only to the crack of doom!"

"A kick from that mule yonder couldn't have done more execution."

"I'll wager the redcoat thinks he's been struck by lightning."

This from one of the citizens, of course.

"I judge he is viewing more stars than he ever saw before in his life," grinned another.

This was probably the case.

Habberton lay flat on his back, staring up at the sky in a bewildered sort of way.

The shock of the blow and the jar of the fall had seemingly dazed him.

Dick, after delivering the blow, had stepped back and now stood, with folded arms, looking calmly down upon the fallen foe.

The spectators gazed upon him, admiringly.

Here was the most wonderful country youth that they had ever seen, they said to themselves.

Before the affair had commenced, they, like Habberton himself, had supposed that the redcoat would have no trouble at all in quickly disposing of the youth.



Now it looked as if the shoe were going to be on the other foot.

Habberton was down and seemed unable to get up again.

The country youth on the other hand had not been injured at all.

It was very surprising, indeed.

Naturally, all watched eagerly for the redcoat to regain his feet and resume the contest.

Habberton lay there for at least a minute.

Then he suddenly rose to a sitting posture.

He lifted his hand and rubbed the spot where Dick's knuckles had struck.

He gazed about him in a bewildered way.

"How do you feel?"

"Does your head ache?"

"How do you like it, anyway, as far as you have gone?"

"What do you think of the country youth, now?"

"You had better get some of your comrades to help you."

"The young fellow said he'd thrash you, and, by jove, I believe he's going to do it!"

Such were a few of the exclamations indulged in by the crowd.

Habberton seemed scarcely to understand what they meant.

There was a puzzled look on his face.

Presently his eyes fell upon Dick, however, and it all came back to him like a flash.

He remembered that he had started in to thrash this young fellow, and that so far he had gotten much the worst of it.

He was game, however.

He was not ready to give up yet.

He was considerably shaken up, but all the fight had not been taken out of him.

He would yet administer a sound thrashing to the country booby.

That is what Habberton told himself, as, with a growl of rage, he scrambled to his feet.

"I'll fix you for this, you young scoundrel!" he cried, as he rose to a standing posture. "I can thrash two such fellows as you."

"Wouldn't et be better ef ye'd prove thet ye kin whip one, afore ye begin ter talk erbout whippin' two, mister?" asked Dick, calmly.

"I can do it; I can thrash you easily enough, and I'm going to do it, too. You needn't think that because you have succeeded in getting in a couple of blows on me that you are going to be able to triumph over me, for you are not!"

"Oh, hain't I?"

"No; and you'll soon find it out, too!"

"Say, ef ye c'u'd fight ez well ez ye kin talk, I guess ye'd be able ter lick me, all right, mister," grinned Dick. The crowd laughed.

This struck them as being a pretty good saying to come from a supposed ignorant country youth.

It rendered Habberton well nigh furious.

He gave utterance to a snarl of rage.

Then he leaped forward with the ferocity of a tiger.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A WONDERFUL COUNTRY YOUTH.

"I'll show you that I can fight as well as I can talk!" he cried, and then he attempted to close with the youth.

He had come to the conclusion that the youth, green as he looked to be, was too much for him in a fisticuff match, and his intention now was to come to close quarters, when he thought that his superior strength would give him a big advantage, and he would be able to do as he pleased with his opponent.

This was satisfactory to Dick.

He could have avoided the other had he desired to do so, but he had faith that he would be able to handle the redcoat without much trouble, so he allowed the fellow to come to close quarters.

"If I succeed in getting my favorite hold, I think I shall be able to surprise him and the crowd, somewhat!" the youth thought.

Dick was quick-eyed and quick-motioned.

He dodged and twisted to one side, as the other came on, and in a twinkling, and in a most dexterous manner succeeded in getting the hold he desired.

Habberton seized Dick at the same instant, but he had not secured a very good hold, and the advantage, other things being equal, was with the youth.

There was no trouble in regard to this part of it.

Dick was stronger than the redcoat.

He soon discovered this, a tug or two in opposition being all that was necessary to prove it to him, and he at once proceeded to put his plan into execution.

He began a series of manœuvres which ended by his suddenly grasping the redcoat by the coat-collar and waist-band and lifting him off the ground.

Up in the air went the redcoat's heels, and describing a circle; then down upon his back went the owner of the feet, and on top of him was Dick, the youth adding his weight so as to make the fall as severe as possible.



There was a crash and a grunt as the redcoat struck the ground, followed by a cheer from the citizen members of the crowd.

"Hurrah for the boy!"

"He's all right!"

"He certainly is."

"He is too much for the man."

"He's a wrestler as well as a fighter."

"That's right; Jove, but he must be strong!"

Such were the exclamations from the crowd.

As for Dick, he at once leaped lightly to his feet.

He stepped back and again folded his arms.

All looked wonderingly at him, and then turned their attention to Habberton.

The wind had about all been jarred and crushed out of his body by the shock of the fall and by Dick's weight on top of him, and the redcoat was unable to rise.

He could only lie there and gasp for breath.

"Why don't you get up?" asked one of the spectators.

"Why are you lying there?" from another.

"I thought you said you could thrash the boy easily enough!"

"He can't do it; and the best thing he can do is to give it up as a bad job."

Habberton heard the remarks, and they were gall and wormwood to him, but he could not reply to them, even had he wished to do so; his wind was too short.

Presently he got his breath, and rose slowly to his feet.

He did not say a word, but there was the look of a fiend in his eyes.

Dick was watching the fellow closely, and noted this fact.

"He is going to go for me now, red-hot!" thought the youth. "I shall have to look out for him."

Dick was right.

The redcoat straightened up, slowly, and the instant he reached the perpendicular, he leaped forward.

He had thought to take the youth unawares.

But he made a mistake.

Dick was watching him closely, and was ready for him.

As Habberton came forward, out shot the youth's right fist.

It took the redcoat fair between the eyes, straightening him up.

Then out shot the youth's left fist.

It struck Habberton in the chest, right over the heart.

It was a terrible stroke, and it took the man off his feet and deposited him on his back on the ground with as much celerity as though a cannon-ball had struck him.

And for the moment Habberton almost imagined that something of the kind had happened.

He had never, in all his life, received such a stroke, and the first thought that struck him was that the blow would be the death of him.

He felt as if his heart-strings had been burst asunder.

His heart was fluttering wildly, like an imprisoned bird, and was not performing its accustomed functions; indeed, the redcoat was afraid it was all up with him.

He gurgled and gasped, and looked so distressed that the spectators refrained from making remarks that might hurt the man's feelings.

They felt that he had trouble enough for the time being.

They could not help making a few remarks regarding the wonderful blow which the youth had struck, however.

"Did anybody ever see the like of that!" said one.

"I never did!" from another.

"The boy is the hardest hitter I ever saw!" from a third.

"Jove! young fellow, aren't you afraid you have killed him?" queried a fourth.

"Oh, no; I don't think so, mister," replied Dick. "He'll be all right in er minnet."

Some of the spectators shook their heads as if to say they doubted this statement.

It turned out as Dick had said it would, however.

The deathly pallor which had come over the redcoat's face as soon as he fell to the ground gave way to a more life-like hue as the heart got to work again and pumped some blood to the head, and a long, quavering sigh escaped the stricken man's lips as he caught his breath once more.

"He's all right now," said Dick, coolly.

A couple of the comrades of the man now stepped forward and knelt beside him.

"Can you get up now, Habberton?" they asked. "How do you feel, anyway?"

"Oh, as though a cavalry horse or a mule had kicked me!" groaned the redcoat.

"Are you in much pain?"

The redcoat placed his hand over his heart and made a grimace.

"There is pain there," he said. "Great Jove, fellows, would you have thought any one could strike such a blow with the naked fist?"

The others shook their heads.

It was evident that they would not have thought it possible, had they not seen it with their own eyes.

With their assistance the man managed to rise to a sitting posture, all the people near at hand craning their necks to get a look at the fellow.

He was not a pleasant sight, to tell the truth.

Dick had landed two severe blows fair between Hab-



berton's eyes, and the flesh around them was fast becoming swollen and discolored.

"Oh, say, fellows," half groaned Habberton, "if I live I shall square the account with the young scoundrel who is responsible for this! I'll kill him, as sure as my name is Habberton!"

"Sh!" warned one of the redcoats; "don't make any threats."

"But I will!" angrily. "I'll kill the dog, and I don't care who hears me say so, either!"

The spectators looked at Dick to see how he would take this.

They were impressed by his looks.

He did not seem the least bit excited or worried; indeed, he grinned slightly.

"He don't know any better," thought some of the spectators; "he thinks that because he has overcome the man in a personal encounter, where strength and agility are all in all, that he can do the same in a combat with weapons; but he will find his mistake. Fighting with sword or pistol is the redcoat's trade, while the boy can know nothing about handling either."

It was natural they should think thus, of course, as they had no means of knowing that the youth standing before them was a veteran soldier, and as brave, expert and dangerous a man with any and all kinds of weapons as could have been found in all New York.

The two redcoats assisted their comrade to rise to his feet.

He was not fully in command of himself as yet, his legs were weak, and trembled so that he could hardly stand.

As soon as he was on his feet, however, he turned toward Dick.

"You young scoundrel!" he hissed. "You have triumphed over me—for the time being. Later I shall make it my especial business to look you up and settle with you—and that I will settle with you in full you need not for one moment doubt. I will make you wish you had never been born!"

"I ain't skeered, mister," said Dick, calmly. "I guess ye air jes' a-talkin' ter heer yerself, hain't ye?"

"You'll find out that I am not!" fiercely. "You will learn later on that I mean every word I say!"

"Oh, is thet so?"

"Yes, that is so; and if you are not afraid, it's because you haven't sense enough to be."

"Mebby thet's so, mister, but I doubt it; I ruther think I've got sense enuff ter hol' my own ag'in ye no matter how ye come at me."

"Bah! you're a fool!"

"Ye're safe enuff in talkin' thet way, becos uv ther fact thet ye ain't able ter stan' erlone; thet keeps me frum smashin' ye in their face."

"Bah! I don't want to hear any more of your talk. Boys, help me away from here."

The two did as directed, and with Habberton between them, walked away down the street.

He was somewhat weak yet, but with their assistance was able to walk fairly well.

Dick now turned to Grimsley and his two comrades who had remained behind.

"Et's yer time ter take er ride now," he said; "shall I go an' bring Jehoserfat here?"

The redcoat shook his head and made a gesture of dissent.

"My young friend, you will have to excuse us, really," he said, with elaborate politeness. "Now that we have had a chance to see what that mule is capable of, we are forced to decline your kind invitation. Come to think of it, I don't believe I really want a mule ride, anyway; how is it with you boys?" to his comrades.

"It's the same with me," replied one.

"I never was much for horseback riding, anyway," said the other.

This amused the crowd—or rather that portion of it that was near enough to hear what was said.

Dick himself could hardly keep from laughing.

"All right, misters," he said; "jes' ez ye say. Ef ye want ter ride, I'll go an' git Jehoserfat; but ef ye don't——"

"No, you needn't trouble yourself, young man; thank you, kindly, but we really prefer to walk!" this from Grimsley.

"All right," said Dick; "jes' ez ye say. An' now ef ye hev no objections, I'll git my mule an' go on erbout my bizness."

"All right, we have no objections."

"Glad ter hear et; an' now, misters, jes' er word erbout thet frien' uv yorun; I don't bear him no malice, an' ef he lets me erlone, I'll let him erlone. But I gives ye fair warnin' thet ef he tries ter pester me, I'll hurt him, an' hurt him bad; ef ye like him, ye hed better do all ye kin ter git him out uv ther notion uv tryin' ter hev revenge on me. I hain't braggin', misters, but jes' simply mean whut I say."

As he ceased speaking, Dick turned and walked to where Jehosaphat stood with head down and ears drooped—a perfect picture of lazy innocence—and mounting, rode slowly down the street, followed by the wondering gaze of the crowd.



One of the spectators certainly voiced the sentiment of the crowd when he said:

"Well, that boy and his mule are the most deceitful-looking pair that I ever saw."

## CHAPTER V.

### DOCIA.

Dick had scarcely had any idea where he was going when he rode away.

He had entered the city for the purpose of playing the spy, and had disguised himself as a country boy, and, mounting the big, white army mule, had ridden from White Plains to New York City.

Now that he was in the city, he wished to get the mule out of the way for a while, and he had been on the lookout for a livery stable when the redcoats accosted him.

He kept his eyes open now, and presently espied a sign of a livery stable, down a side street a ways.

"That will do, I guess," he thought; "I'll just go down there and leave Jehosaphat, and then I can look around the city without being handicapped."

The youth guided the mule down the side street and paused in front of the stable.

"Kin I leave my mule heer fur erwhile, mister?" he asked of a man who sat in front of the stable.

"Yes, if you pay for doing so," was the reply.

"Oh, I'll pay!" and then the youth dismounted, and after asking the amount, paid for one day's board for the mule, in advance.

"Take good keer uv thet animal," said Dick, as he turned away.

"Oh, we will," was the reply, with a sarcastic laugh. "We'll take the best of care of him, never fear."

"All right."

Dick walked back up to Broadway and turned southward toward Bowling Green.

He had gone but a short distance when he was addressed by a girl of perhaps sixteen years.

"Please, sir, follow me, for I have something of great importance to tell you!" the girl said, in a low, cautious tone.

Dick was surprised, but did not show it.

He did not start or betray by his actions that the girl had addressed him.

"Who and what is she, I wonder?" he thought, as he gave the girl a quick, searching scrutiny.

The scrutiny was satisfactory.

The girl was plainly dressed, but was very pretty, and there was no guile lurking within the frank, blue eyes or on the fair face.

"I'll follor ye, miss," Dick said, in a low tone; "lead on."

"Do so in such a way that no one who may see will know you are following me, if you can," the girl said.

"All right, I'll do et, miss."

The girl walked slowly down Broadway till she came to a cross street, which she turned down, going toward the Hudson River.

Dick followed, keeping perhaps fifty feet behind.

He wondered what it meant.

Of course, he could not guess.

"I'll have to wait till we get where the girl can talk," the youth thought, "then I will soon find out."

Dick noted the fact that the girl cast frequent glances behind her, and wondered thereat.

"Looks as though she thought we might be followed," he thought.

So he stole occasional glances behind, but saw nothing to indicate that any one was following them.

"I guess everything is all right," the youth said to himself.

The girl went a block in this direction, and then turned to the right.

She led the way to about the middle of the third block, and then she paused and waited till Dick stood beside her.

"Come," the girl whispered, with a nervous glance back up the street; "we will go in here."

Dick glanced up and saw that they stood in front of an old, two-story house, which stood back from the walk perhaps ten feet.

For an instant the thought that he might be walking into a trap entered Dick's mind, but a look into the clear, innocent eyes of the girl dispelled this suspicion, and Dick was ready to follow her.

The girl stepped to the door and rapped on it, Dick keeping by her side.

There was a delay of a few moments, and then the door was opened.

The person who stood there was a woman.

She was perhaps forty-five years of age, and a well-preserved woman; it was evident that she had once been very beautiful, and as Dick glanced at his companion, he noted a resemblance between the woman and the girl.

"Mother and daughter," he thought.

She regarded Dick with a look of surprise.

Then she looked inquiringly at the girl.



"What does this mean, Docia?" she asked. "Who is this young gentleman?"

"Let us come in, mother, and I will tell you all about it," the girl replied; "don't keep us standing here!" and she glanced apprehensively up the street.

The woman looked surprised.

She stepped aside, however.

"Come in," she invited.

The two entered, and the girl closed the door and locked it.

"Why did you lock the door, Docia?" asked the woman, in surprise.

Dick, too, looked inquiringly at the girl.

He was not so surprised as the woman was, however, for he had gotten the idea into his head that the girl feared that they had been followed.

"I'll explain all in a moment, mother; come into the sitting-room," was the girl's reply.

She led the way, and Dick and the woman followed.

They were soon in a good-sized, fairly well-furnished room.

The girl motioned to a chair.

"Take a seat, sir," she said.

Dick seated himself.

The girl and the woman also took seats.

Dick had removed his hat the moment he entered the house, and now the girl turned a scrutinizing gaze upon him.

Although the youth was roughly dressed, Dick's face was just as handsome as ever, and the girl seemed satisfied with her inspection.

"Now, Docia, what does this mean?" asked the woman, in a slightly impatient tone.

"Yes, miss, ef ye'll explain, I shall consider et er favor," said Dick.

"I will do so at once," the girl declared; "but, first, I will say that I was up on the street a while ago and was a witness to your encounter with the British soldier, and everything."

"Is thet so?" remarked Dick, with a smile. "Did ye see her mule throw them redcoats?"

The girl smiled.

"Yes, I saw it; and was it you who whistled, sure enough, as the soldier accused?"

Dick nodded.

"Yes, et wuz me," he admitted; "ye don't blame me fur layin' er trick on 'em, d'ye?"

The girl shook her head.

"No, I do not," was the decided reply; "I was never

so pleased in my life as when I saw the three piled up on the ground."

"What in the world are you two talking about?" the woman asked.

"I'll tell you all about it, mother," replied the girl, and then she went ahead and told her mother the story of Dick's encounter with the redcoats.

The woman had to laugh when told about the redcoats trying to ride the mule and getting thrown.

She was somewhat surprised when told that Dick had given the redcoat a thorough thrashing, afterward.

"I wouldn't have believed that possible," she said, wonderingly; "why, you are only a boy, and the soldier was a man, and those British soldiers are such terrible fellows!"

"This one wasn't such a terrible fellow," smiled Dick; "at any rate, I had not much trouble in handling him."

"Indeed you didn't!" the girl agreed. "But now to tell you why I have had you come here."

"I shall be glad to listen," said Dick.

"Very well. As I have already told you, I was in the crowd which witnessed the affair up on the street a while ago."

"Yes."

"Well, as I stood there, I heard men talking about the affair, and it was the general opinion that it was wonderful that a boy like you should succeed in getting the better of a man like the redcoat."

"I s'pose et did seem kind uv funny," assented Dick.

"Yes; and there were three men who stood right close to me, who seemed to think they understood the matter."

Dick looked interested.

"Indeed?" he remarked.

"Exactly; I heard them say that there were very few youths who could have done what you did, and, further, I heard them call your name."

Dick started.

"You did?" he exclaimed.

The girl nodded.

"Yes; they said that you were disguised as a country youth, but that they knew you, just the same."

"Ah! Who did they say I was?"

"They said your name was Dick Slater, and that you were the famous rebel spy!"

The woman uttered an exclamation, and looked at Dick, questioningly, as much as to ask if this were really true.

Dick was not very much surprised by the girl's words; he had expected something of the kind from the first.

"So they said I was the rebel spy, Dick Slater, did they?" he asked.



"Yes; and—are you? Is it really true?"

The girl's tone was eager, excited.

Dick looked from the girl to the woman.

A quiet smile was on his face.

"And if it is true, what then?" he asked, again turning his eyes on the girl.

"Why, then you are in deadly danger so long as you stay in New York!" was the earnest reply.

"Then the men who recognized me were enemies?" he remarked.

"Yes, indeed. They will do you injury if they can."

"Did you hear them say what they intended trying to do?"

"I heard them say that they would keep watch on you and wait for a chance to capture you."

"Ah! To capture me, eh?"

"Yes; they said there was a reward of five hundred pounds offered for you, and they intend to try to capture you so as to get the reward."

"I see; then they were not British soldiers?"

"No, they were dressed in citizen's clothes; but they are doubtless on the side of the British."

"Undoubtedly; they were Tories, I am confident. But why did you take the trouble to warn me of my danger?"

The girl blushed, slightly, but said, bravely:

"Because I am a patriot, and wished to be of benefit to one who was risking his life for the good of the cause—for I understand that you are here for the purpose of spying on the British."

Dick nodded.

"Yes," he replied, quietly and without hesitation; "now that I know I am among friends, I do not mind telling you that I am here for the purpose of spying on the British."

"And you really are Dick Slater?"

The girl's tone was eager, her eyes shining brightly.

Dick bowed.

"I am Dick Slater," he said, quietly.

The girl seized the youth's hand and shook it, warmly.

"Oh, I am glad to know you!" she exclaimed. "I have heard so much about you, and how brave and daring you are, and what wonderful work for the glorious cause of Liberty you and your 'Liberty Boys' have done. You see, I know what I am talking about!"

"You seem to," smiled Dick, blushing at the praise from the lips of the beautiful girl; "though I judge that you have given myself and comrades greater credit than we are entitled to—that is a failing of your sex, you know."

"Is it?" with a smile. "No, I don't know it, and I don't think that in this case I have done so. We have heard

so much about you, have heard such wonderful stories of your doings both on the battlefield and as a spy with the lines of the British, that even if only one-half of what was true you cannot possibly be given more credit than you are entitled to."

Again Dick blushed slightly, and laughed.

"You will make me vain, I am afraid, if you keep on talking like that, Miss Docia," he said.

The girl laughed.

"I guess there is no danger of that," she said, confidently; "there is no room for vanity in so brave a heart as you have proven yourself possessed of."

"Worse and worse!" Dick laughed. "Madam," turning to the girl's mother, "can you not make her quit?"

The woman smiled.

"I fear not," she replied; "Docia is a good girl, but has a will of her own, and I should be afraid to try to do anything with her when she talks so earnestly as she has just been doing."

The girl laughed.

"You see, you are powerless to prevent me from saying what I like," she said; "but now to return to the subject. You are in great danger!"

"From those three Tories, eh?"

"Yes; they talked as though they meant what they said, and I was afraid that they might have followed us. Did you notice that I kept a lookout behind us as we came along?"

"Yes, I noticed that. My experience as a spy has long since taught me to keep a sharp lookout, and I soon understood that you feared we were being followed by some one, and so I kept a sort of watch behind us, also."

"And did you see any one who seemed to be following us?" eagerly.

Dick shook his head.

"No, I did not," he replied; "but still we might have been followed——"

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Some one was rapping on the door.

Then a loud voice cried:

"Open the door or we will break it down!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BAFFLED TORIES AND REDCOATS.

Startled cries escaped the lips of the girl and her mother.



"Who can it be?" the woman asked.

"The men I was telling about!" said the girl.

She looked inquiringly at Dick as she spoke, as if to ask what he thought about it.

He nodded his head.

"I think you are right," he said; "that is undoubtedly who it is."

"What will you do?" the girl asked.

"Why, I shall go and walk right out."

"But there are three of them."

"That doesn't matter," with a smile; "if there are not more than three, I am all right."

The girl had risen to her feet when the knock sounded on the door, and now as she glanced out of the window, a cry of terror escaped her.

"The yard is full of redcoats!" she exclaimed. "The house is surrounded, you cannot escape and will be captured!"

Dick leaped to his feet and looked out of the window.

"You are right," he said; "the house is surrounded. The Tories undoubtedly wanted to make a sure thing of it and got help."

Dick seemed perfectly cool and calm.

He was not at all excited.

Again the rapping was heard at the front door, and again the words:

"Open the door or we will break it down!"

"What shall we do?" the girl asked, her face a picture of terror.

Dick was thinking rapidly.

"Is there no place I can hide?" he asked.

The woman and the girl studied a few moments.

Then the girl suddenly exclaimed:

"I have it; come with me."

Then she turned to her mother.

"You go and open the front door, mother," she said; "but be as long about it as you can."

The woman nodded.

"Certainly, Docia," she said.

All three left the room.

The woman made her way along the hall toward the front door while the girl and Dick made their way to and into the kitchen at the rear of the house.

At one side of the room the girl opened a door.

A flight of steps was revealed that led down into the cellar.

"Quick!" cried the girl, motioning to the stairway.

Dick passed through the doorway and made his way down the steps.

The girl passed through the doorway in her turn, closed

the door and a moment later stood by Dick's side in the cellar.

Dick glanced around him.

It was not a large cellar.

It was practically bare.

There were two or three boxes lying about, but nothing so far as Dick could see that would afford concealment to a man.

There were two small windows, one on each side of the cellar, and through these came sufficient light so that objects could be seen with tolerable distinctness.

It was not very light, however, and Dick was glad of this, for the reason that should an inquisitive redcoat take a notion to look through either one of the windows he would have difficulty in seeing them.

"I don't see any place to hide down here, Miss Docia," said Dick.

"This way, quick, and I will show you something that will surprise you!" said the girl, eagerly.

The girl led the way across the cellar to where a large coal-bin stood.

The bin was made out of boards, was about five feet high, six feet wide and ten feet long.

It fitted into the corner of the cellar so that one end and one side were against the stone wall.

The bin was empty and the girl led the way into it.

Dick looked about him in wonder and then at the girl in an inquiring manner.

At this instant the sound of trampling feet on the floor above their heads was heard.

The girl stooped down and fumbled around for a few moments.

Then she straightened up and pushed against the side of the bin, and to Dick's amazement, a section of the bin, about two feet wide and four feet high, swung back showing a dark opening beyond.

"Great guns!" exclaimed Dick in amazement. "What is this?"

"Quick!" exclaimed the girl, in a low, excited tone.

As she spoke, she motioned for Dick to enter; "we have no time to lose. They will be down here in a moment!"

Dick realized the truth of this statement and he quickly passed through the opening.

He realized that he was in a sort of tunnel.

The tunnel was slightly larger than the door, being perhaps two and a half feet wide by four and a half feet high.

The girl followed quickly and pushed the door shut behind her.

At the same instant footsteps were heard on the stairs leading down into the cellar.



The two had gotten out of sight just in the very nick of time.

The girl felt around for a moment, with trembling fingers, and found a bolt, which she proceeded to push into place.

She exercised all the care imaginable, for she did not wish to make a noise that would be heard by the Tories and redcoats.

She succeeded in pushing the bolt into place without making any noise that could have been heard on the other side of the wall, and drew a breath of relief.

When Docia's mother made her way to the front door, she was greatly excited and considerably frightened.

Her voice trembled perceptibly as she called out when reaching the door:

"Who is there, and what do you want?"

"Friends," came the reply; "and we want you to open the door!"

"Very well, I will open it immediately," the woman replied.

Then she began fumbling at the bolt.

She purposely made noise enough in doing this so that the men outside would know what she was doing, but at the same time she delayed all she could in opening the door.

She was so long at it that the men became impatient and thumped on the door.

"Hurry up, there!" they cried. "What are you so slow about?"

"The bolt has got struck," the woman replied. "Ah! now I have it!" as she shot the bolt back.

Then she opened the door.

The three Tories, for this was who it was, as the girl had suspected, and a number of redcoats stood there.

The woman started back in assumed astonishment.

"W-what does this mean? Who are you and what do you want?"

"We want that young feller thet came in here with the gal, a leetle while ergo, marm," the one who seemed to be the leader of the Tories said, with a leer.

"What young fellow? What girl?"

The puzzled and amazed look which the woman assumed as she asked these questions was worthy of an actress.

It was very well done, indeed, and was well calculated to deceive any one.

The men, however, shook their heads.

"That won't do, marm," the leader said; "we saw ther young feller an' the gal cum in here not more than ten minutes ergo."

The amazed and puzzled look on the woman's face deepened.

Although frightened and trembling in every limb, the woman had splendid moral courage and she forced herself to appear calm and thus was enabled to act her part.

"I assure you, you are wrong, sir; no one has entered this house within the last ten minutes."

"Oh, waal, I won't be sartin erbout ther exact time," grinned the Tory; "et mought hev been fifteen minutes ergo."

The woman shook her head.

"No doubt you think you are right," she said, "but you are wrong; no one has entered this house within the last half hour."

The woman's acting was so good that the men hardly knew what to think.

A bright thought suddenly occurred to the leader, however.

"They must hev come in without ye knowin' uv et, marm," he said; "uv course, thet wuz et. They're in here sumwhur, an' ef ye pleeze, marm, we wanter look fur 'em."

"What do you want with them?"

"Waal, we don't want both uv 'em, marm; et's ther young feller we're after; he's er rebel spy, an' we want ter make him er prisoner. He's in here sumwhurs, an' we'll hev ter trubble ye ter let us look fur him."

"Oh, I have no objections!" the woman declared. "But you will find that you were mistaken in seeing them enter this house, for they are not here."

The men shook their heads.

"We c'u'dn't hev been mistook, marm," the leader said; "we saw 'em come in heer, ez shore ez ye're alive."

"Very well, go ahead and search; I think, however, that when you get through you will find it just as I have said."

"We'll see, marm; mebbey ye're right, but ef ye'll excuse me, I must say thet I don't think so."

Then the Tories, followed by a number of the soldiers, trooped into the house.

They divided up into three parties.

The three Tories went down into the cellar, three soldiers went upstairs, while the remainder began searching through the rooms on the ground floor.

The woman stationed herself near the head of the stairs leading down into the cellar, and as the Tories made their way down, she listened, eagerly and anxiously.

She knew of the secret hiding place behind the wall of the coal-bin.

When her daughter exclaimed, "I have it!" and told



Dick to come with her, she had understood at once where the girl intended to go.

She had delayed the redcoats and Tories as much as possible by talking to them and asking questions.

She believed that she had succeeded in delaying the men long enough so that the two would have plenty of time to get safely ensconced in the hiding place, but still there was a fear in her mind that they might have been delayed in some way and had not yet succeeded in getting out of sight.

When the Tories reached the bottom of the stairs, however, and had looked around the cellar without uttering any exclamations such as they would naturally give utterance to if they had caught sight of their prey, a sigh of relief escaped the woman's lips.

"They are safe!" she exclaimed to herself. "Oh, I am so glad, for I have taken a great liking to that brave young patriot spy."

The Tories were disappointed.

"Blazes! There's nobuddy here," growled the leader.

"Thet's right, shore's yer born," said one of his comrades.

"Look in them boxes, Jake an' Bill," the leader said; "I'll peek inter ther coal-bin—though I don't s'pose they'd be fools enuff ter try ter hide in er place like thet."

The two men spoken to made their way to where the boxes lay, kicked over the smaller ones, peered into a couple of larger ones and announced that there was nobody there.

"Thar's nobuddy here, either," growled the leader, from the depths of the coal-bin. "They must be upstairs somewhere."

As he spoke, he kicked viciously against the side of the coal-bin.

It was indeed lucky for the pair in hiding that Docia had managed to shoot the bolt on the other side of the door, for the Tory's big foot landed fairly against the centre of the door.

The Tory little thought that had the boards not been there, his foot could easily have touched the form of the youth he was looking for.

Of course, he had no suspicion of this, and made his way, grumblingly, out of the coal-bin and led the way upstairs.

Docia's mother nodded her head as they entered the kitchen.

"Didn't I tell you you wouldn't find any one?" she asked.

"They hain't in ther cellar," replied the Tory, "but thet don't prove thet they hain't in ther house; some uv ther boys will fin' 'em upstairs."

"They will not; you are entirely mistaken, I assure you,

sir; the persons in question did not enter this house, so it will be impossible for you to find them here."

The woman could speak with the utmost confidence now because of the fact that she knew nothing would be found upstairs.

The Tories shook their heads.

"Ye'll see," the leader remarked.

"So will you," the woman retorted.

A few moments later the redcoats came back downstairs. They were empty handed and there was a disgusted look on their faces.

"Didn't ye fin' 'im?" asked the Tory leader, in surprise.

"No; they're not upstairs."

The Tory's underjaw dropped.

"Air ye shure ye looked good?" he asked.

"Of course; we looked in every niche and corner. Had there been any one up there we would have found them."

Just then those who had looked through the rooms on the ground floor put in an appearance.

They made the same report.

They had looked everywhere, but had found no signs to indicate the presence in the house of the persons for whom they were searching.

It was a puzzling affair, and although far from satisfied, and suspecting that they had been tricked in some clever manner, the Tories and redcoats slowly and reluctantly withdrew from the house and took their departure.

The woman watched them closely as they moved away down the street.

She was an exceedingly shrewd woman.

She suspected that an attempt would be made to keep a close watch on the house in the hopes that the presence of the youth and the girl might be discovered.

She closed and bolted the door and then watched the redcoats from the window.

She was sure some of the soldiers would be left to keep watch, and in this she was right.

She soon discovered that the house was under surveillance from all sides.

"We shall have to be very careful," she said to herself; "the young man will not dare try to leave the house until after dark, and he will be taking his life into his hands in doing so, even then."

## CHAPTER VII.

### A BOLD PLAN.

Just then she heard a cautious voice call out:

"Mother!"



"Yes, Docia," was the cautious reply, "what is it?"

"Will it be safe for us to come upstairs now?"

The girl was at the foot of the stairs leading up from the cellar.

"I think you had better wait a while, Docia," the woman replied, after having opened the door leading to the cellar stairway.

"Why, mother, haven't they gone?"

"Yes, but they left men on watch."

"They did?"

There was dismay in the tone of the girl's voice.

"Yes; they suspect that they have been tricked in some way and have set a guard over the house in the hope that they may be enabled to catch the young man as he goes away."

"That is dreadful!"

"So it is, but it can't be helped."

"What shall we do?"

"The only thing possible to do is to wait. When it has become dark, perhaps Mr. Slater may be able to get away in safety."

"I hope so. Well, I will go and tell him how matters stand."

"There's no need, I heard what your mother said, Miss Docia," said Dick, as he stepped forth from the coal-bin and walked across toward where the girl stood.

"Isn't it dreadful!" the girl said. "Those terrible men seem determined to capture you."

"They'll have hard work doing it," said Dick, smilingly. "We have a hiding place here that is an absolutely safe refuge."

"True; you'll be safe as long as you stay here; but I judge you will hardly wish to stay here long."

"As to that, I might wish to stay," said Dick, gallantly; "but I must not do so. I have work to do, and with me it is duty first."

"Which is right, of course," said Docia, blushing slightly, for she understood Dick's speech to be a compliment.

"I guess it will be safe enough for us to go upstairs, won't it?" asked Dick.

"I guess so; if we are careful to keep away from the windows."

"Very well, let's go upstairs."

They did so.

Mrs. Morrison—for that was the name of Docia's mother—congratulated Dick upon his escape, and then gave the details of the Tories' and redcoats' unsuccessful search, and their disappointment at not finding Dick.

"They are not satisfied yet," she said, in conclusion; "they left men on guard when they went away, and the

house is under surveillance from every direction. Come here to the window and I will show you the men who are watching the house."

"Hadn't we better keep away from the window, mother?" asked Docia. "They might see us."

"They won't be able to see you if you keep a little way back from the window."

The three approached the window, but paused a little way from it and then Dick and the girl looked in the direction indicated by Mrs. Morrison.

They easily discerned two of the men who had been left on guard.

"There are two more on the other side of the house," the woman said.

"I see," remarked Dick; "they suspect that some kind of a trick has been played on them and are not satisfied to give it up. They think to catch me yet."

"That is evidently the case," agreed Mrs. Morrison.

"Yes," said Docia, "and you must not think of leaving the house until after dark."

"I do not think myself that it would be safe," said Dick.

"No, indeed," agreed Mrs. Morrison; "you are entirely welcome to stay here as long as you like."

"There is only one thing that bothers me," she added after a moment.

"What is that, mother?"

"Why, you see it is this way, Mr. Slater," turning toward Dick; "we are poor people, Docia and I, and alone in the world. My husband died three years ago and as I had to do something to earn a living, I rented the house and went to keeping boarders and lodgers; they will begin coming in from their work at about half-past six, and while I do not know that any of them would do so, yet it might be possible that some one of them would betray your presence here to your enemies."

"Ah, I understand," said Dick, "for all you know, some of them may be Tories, men who would be glad to assist in causing me to be captured."

"That is it exactly, Mr. Slater."

"Well, we can fix that easily enough," said Dick; "about six o'clock I'll go back down in the cellar and they need not know of my presence here."

Mrs. Morrison nodded, approvingly.

"That will be best, I think," she declared.

"That will be too bad, your having to stay down in the old, dreary cellar," said Docia.

"Oh, that will be nothing at all," laughed Dick; "I have spent many long hours in much more dreary and unpleasant places than your cellar."



"I'll get you a bite to eat early," said Mrs. Morrison; "you can have your supper eaten by six o'clock, and will then be able to get down into the cellar and out of the way before any of my boarders put in an appearance."

"That will do, nicely."

This was done.

Mrs. Morrison fixed up a nice supper for Dick, and had it ready for him by a quarter to six o'clock.

Dick ate heartily, but was through by six.

Then he made his way back down into the cellar, and taking a seat on a box, made himself as comfortable as possible.

The first one of Mrs. Morrison's boarders to arrive was a young clerk who worked in a drygoods store up on Broadway.

He was perhaps nineteen years old, a well-built, good-looking, bright-appearing fellow.

His name was Jack Wilson and he was very much in love with Docia.

The girl, while not sure that she loved Jack, liked him very much, indeed, and the instant he appeared a thought struck her.

Why could not Dick Slater dress himself in a suit of Jack's clothing and thus disguised get past the guards who were watching the house?

"They will go more on clothing than anything else," the girl reasoned; "they will be on the lookout for the suit of blue homespun, the old, slouch hat and the rough, cow-hide shoes; now, Jack dresses rather nicely, and with one of his suits on, with a nice hat and light shoes, Dick could walk past those men unchallenged, I am sure. I'll speak to mother about it."

"Hello, what does this mean, Mrs. Morrison?" asked Jack, a surprised look on his face. "The house is almost surrounded by a cordon of redcoats."

"Tell him, mother," said Docia.

"As I happen to know that you are a patriot, I will do so, Jack," Mrs. Morrison said.

And then she went ahead and told the young man the whole story of Dick Slater's presence in the house, how he came there and all about it.

Jack became greatly excited at once.

"Jove! I want to see Dick Slater and make his acquaintance!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "I have heard a great many stories of his wonderful doings, and I shall be tickled to death to meet him."

"And, oh, Jack," cried Docia, "you can help him to escape, if you will!"

Jack looked surprised.

So did Docia's mother.

"How can I do it, Docia?" asked Jack.

"Will you do it if I tell you how?" eagerly.

"Of course I will; how can I help him to escape?"

"Why, by letting him have one of your suits to wear, Jack; in the darkness, they will mistake him for you going back to your work and will let him pass unquestioned."

"True, I believe that will work," agreed the youth; "but what will my employers think when I don't come back to my work?"

"You can tell them to-morrow that you were suddenly taken sick and were not able to return to work."

"True, I could do that; but why can't I wait until Dick has had time to get safely past the men who are watching the house and then coolly go back to my work as usual?"

"For the reason that Dick's enemies would at once know that a trick had been played on them. They would know that the first one was Dick Slater, and would be after him again in a hurry. If you stay here and do not return to your work at all to-night, the redcoats will be deceived and Dick will have plenty of time to get away."

"True," agreed Jack; "I'll stay."

To tell the truth, Jack was not averse to spending the evening there, and he made up his mind that he would enjoy Docia's society, at least a portion of the time.

"Good!" exclaimed Docia. "Come with me, Jack, and I will make you acquainted with Dick Slater, of whom you have heard so much."

She led the way down into the cellar, Jack following.

They found Dick seated upon a box, taking things as easy as the circumstances would permit.

Dick was surprised to see Docia come down into the cellar in company with a strange young man, but his surprise quickly gave way to pleasure when the girl introduced Jack to him, and eagerly explained in detail the plan which they had formed to aid him to escape.

"That is a splendid scheme!" he exclaimed. "And I thank you very much, both of you, for what you propose doing for me; I shall not forget it, I assure you, and if the chance ever comes in my way to do either of you a good turn, you may be sure that I will do it."

"That is all right," said Jack, heartily; "don't speak of it. We are only too glad to be of assistance to you."

Dick eyed Jack's form, critically.

"We're just about of a size," he said; "a suit of your clothes will just about fit me, and I have not the least doubt but that I shall be able to make my escape."

"I hope you may succeed in doing so," said Jack.

"And so do I hope so," from Docia.

It was finally arranged that as soon as Jack had eaten



his supper he would bring a suit of his clothes down into the cellar and then Dick would make the change and be ready to make the attempt to escape as soon as it became dark.

This having been arranged, Jack and Docia went back upstairs.

"That is a fine young fellow," thought Dick; "he is evidently head over ears in love with Docia, and I think she cares a great deal for him. Well, they have my best wishes, for they are a couple of as fine young people as I ever ran across."

Perhaps three-quarters of an hour passed and then Jack Wilson put in an appearance.

He had brought a full suit, including hat and shoes, and Dick at once doffed his suit of blue homespun and donned the suit which Jack had brought.

It fitted him splendidly.

Coat, waistcoat, pants, shoes and hat, all were the correct size and fitted Dick as well as though they had been made for him.

"Well, well, those are all right, and no mistake," said Dick; "I fancy they change my looks quite a little, too, do they not?"

"They certainly do. Jove! you don't look like the same fellow."

"I'm glad to hear you say that; in that case, I do not think I will have much difficulty in getting safely past the men who are standing guard over the house."

"Oh, I'm sure you'll make it all right; I certainly hope so."

"And so do I. But how is it, dark outside yet?"

"Not quite as dark as it will be."

"You would advise me to wait a while longer, then?"

"Yes; about half an hour, anyway."

"All right, I will wait."

The youths sat there and conversed for quite a while, and then Dick asked:

"Don't you think it is about as dark as it is going to be to-night?"

"I judge so," was the reply.

"All right, then I guess I will go."

"Very well; wait here at the foot of the stairs until I go up into the kitchen and see if the way is clear. It will be better if none of the other boarders see you; they might discover that it was not me and try to stop you."

"I understand; go ahead."

Jack made his way upstairs into the kitchen.

A few moments later he reappeared at the head of the stairs and told Dick to come on up, that the coast was clear.

Dick quickly did so.

Mrs. Morrison and Docia were in the kitchen and Dick took advantage of the opportunity to thank both for what they had done for him.

He also thanked Jack, and then shaking hands with all three, took his leave, followed by the heartiest good wishes from his short-time friends.

A few moments later Dick opened the front door, passed through, closed the door behind him, with a slam, and then stepping out upon the sidewalk, walked boldly up the street.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A WAGON LOAD OF GOLD.

Dick had his eyes wide open, as may be supposed.

He saw the Tories and redcoats the instant he was out upon the street.

They were stationed in such a manner that no one could pass along the street without having to pass close to some one or more of them.

Dick walked rapidly and boldly along.

As he approached the men, he got himself in readiness for an encounter, should they discover who he was.

"I'll give them the liveliest kind of a fight if they try to stop me!" the youth thought, grimly.

There were street-lamps, but as they were oil-lamps, and smoky, they did not give a great deal of light.

This made it easier to deceive the redcoats.

They could not see Dick's face at all plainly, and the fact that the youth did not have on a blue homespun suit, an old, slouch hat and heavy, cowhide shoes, threw them off the track.

They thought that in Dick they recognized the young fellow who had entered the house an hour or so before, and they let him pass without question.

When Dick was past the line of redcoats and Tories, and a few yards beyond, he drew a breath of relief.

"Phew! that was rather hard on the nerves!" he said to himself. "I'm glad the ordeal is over."

But just at this instant, while Dick was congratulating himself on his escape, one of the redcoats called out:

"Wait a minute, young fellow; I want to speak to you."

Dick hardly knew what to do.

Should he stop and wait for the redcoat to approach him, and risk being recognized, or should he make a break for it and try to get away?"

If he were to do the last, it would prove to the redcoats that he had been concealed in Mrs. Morrison's house all the



ing and they might work her an injury out of revenge harboring a patriot, and as he did not wish any harm to be done to those who had been so kind to him, he decided to go and hear what the redcoat had to say.

"What do you want?" asked Dick, pausing. "I am in a hurry to get back to my work."

The redcoat was approaching.

"I wanted to ask you if there was a stranger in that place that you just came out of?" the man said. "A young fellow about your age."

"No," replied Dick, promptly, "there is no stranger here."

"Humph! That is strange, I should say!" the redcoat growled. "I would bet all the money I expect to have in the next months that that young rebel was in there."

"Is that all you wished to ask?" asked Dick.

"Yes; you may go now."

Dick lost no time in taking advantage of the opportunity. Had the redcoat come close and got a good look at the youth's face he might have discovered his identity and then the youth would have had trouble.

Dick walked on up the street, and at the first corner turned and made his way over on to Broadway.

Having nothing to do other than to walk around, Dick made his way slowly down Broadway.

He made his way to Bowling Green, which was and is the extreme lower end of the island.

He walked through the little park and on across to the pier on the Hudson River side.

His attention was at once attracted to a busy scene on the pier.

A ship lay alongside the pier, and men were engaged in unloading something off and loading it into a wagon which stood near.

Dick saw three or four large chests and a dozen bags of varying sizes, and he wondered what was in the chests and bags.

He was destined to find out in a peculiar way.

As three or four of the men came off the vessel, carrying a bag, it suddenly burst and there was a great sound of rattling, clattering and clinking as the contents poured out upon the pier.

Dick was watching, and although there was a line of British soldiers between, he managed to get a glimpse of what it was that was clattering and ringing in this strange position.

"Gold!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Gold! British gold, and they are going to take it somewhere and store it. It has been brought over from England to be used in paying the soldiers, and in buying provisions."

Dick stood at a little distance and stared with all his eyes.

"Gold is the sinews of war," he said to himself; "that is where the British have the advantage of us. They have plenty of gold."

And then a thought struck the youth.

Might it not be possible to get hold of this gold?

It seemed like a wild thought at first blush.

It would seem to be utterly outside the bounds of possibility that such a thing could be accomplished, but with Dick Slater nothing was impossible.

With his brave "Liberty Boys" to aid him, he would almost engage to come right into the city and take the gold out from under the very noses of the redcoats.

"Jove! that gold would be of inestimable benefit to the patriot cause if we could lay our hands on it!" the youth thought. "We could buy lots of things that we need, in the way of clothing, provisions, arms, ammunition."

When the bag burst and the gold went rattling down on the pier, the officer in charge of affairs was thrown into a violent rage.

He blamed the men who were carrying the bags, and cursed them most vigorously.

"You lunkheads!" he roared. "Now you have done it, sure enough! Get another bag just as quick as you know how, and gather up that gold!"

The men, of course, did not dare answer back; they did not dare tell the tyrant of an officer the truth—that the bag had burst of its own accord, and that they had had nothing whatever to do with it, and one hastened back onto the ship and presently returned, bringing another bag.

Dick stood and watched affairs with interest.

He had already decided upon his course of action.

First, he was going to see where the gold was taken; then he was going to figure on the affair and see if there was not some chance to get possession of the British gold.

So intent were all the redcoats on the spectacle of the gold lying loose on the pier that they paid no attention to anything behind them, and so Dick's presence near them was not noticed.

Fearing that when the gold had been gathered up his presence might be noticed and cause suspicion, Dick drew away to a safe distance.

"I know what is going on, now, and can see as well from here as from a nearer point," the youth said to himself; "I will just lie low, here, until they are through, and then I will follow that wagon and see where it goes to."

He kept his place and waited patiently.

It was an hour, nearly, before the work of transferring the gold from the ship to the wagon was finished, but, of



course, the work of gathering up the spilled gold had taken up considerable time.

At last the wagon started.

As the vehicle moved slowly off the pier and turned up in the direction of Broadway, the youth saw that it was completely surrounded by redcoats.

They were in front, at the sides and at the rear.

"There isn't much danger that the gold would be liable to capture in the city," thought the youth, "so the guard is not such a great necessity; if I try to do anything, it will be after the gold has been placed in the storehouse."

Dick had feared that the gold would be taken to the British headquarters, which was not far distant, down near the upper end of Bowling Green; but he soon saw that this was not the gold's destination, the wagon keeping straight on up Broadway.

"Jove, I'm glad of that!" the youth murmured. "That suits me to a T."

Dick kept along at a distance of perhaps fifty yards behind the wagon.

Of course, he remained on the sidewalk, so was not likely to be noticed, as there were many pedestrians on the street, going in both directions.

The wagon continued on up Broadway, till it came to a building which was located just at the edge of the common, on the spot now occupied by the post-office.

The building was a strong, stone affair, only one story in height, and it faced toward the south, the rear being upon the Common.

Dick was delighted when he saw the wagon come to a stop in front of this building.

"It suits me, splendidly!" he murmured. "There is the Common right back of the building, and it would be possible for a party to ride right up under the rear of that building on a dark night, without their presence being suspected, and I rather think that if that gold doesn't come into the possession of the patriots it will be strange!"

Dick paused at a safe distance and watched closely.

He wished to make sure that the gold was to be placed in the building.

As there were others who were watching the affair—for on Broadway where there were so many people it attracted attention—the fact that Dick was watching did not make him conspicuous.

Of course, the others were watching out of mere idle curiosity, while Dick had a definite object in view, but no one could suspect this.

There was considerable talk among those who surrounded Dick.

"What is going on there, anyway?" asked one man.

"Don't you know?" replied another. "A ship has brought over some gold from England, and it is placed in that building for safe keeping. That is where the gold is kept."

"Oh, is that it?"

"Yes."

"And have they a wagonload of gold, do you think?"

"Oh, perhaps not a wagonload, but you may be sure there is enough gold there so that did it belong to you or I, we would have all the money we would care to spend for a few years, at any rate!"

"I don't doubt that."

Then the two laughed.

"Come; let's move up closer," one suggested. "We will then be able to see just how much gold there is in the wagon."

"I'm agreeable."

The two moved forward, and Dick followed.

He had been desirous of getting closer, but feared to do so alone for fear he might attract too much attention to himself.

The two citizens moved up to within a few yards of where the wagon stood; the soldiers who were standing guard over the wagon paid no particular attention, and so Dick felt safe in coming as close as the other two had come, and did so.

He watched the work of unloading and transferring the gold, with interest.

He counted the chests and bags.

When at last the gold had all been carried into the building, and the wagon drove away, Dick made his way back to the sidewalk.

He did not pause here, but walked slowly onward till he came to the Common.

He struck out as though intending to cross the Common and kept on in this direction till he was near the centre, and then he turned abruptly and walked slowly back in the direction of the building in which the gold had been stored.

It was quite dark, and as there were no lights on the Common, Dick was not in much danger of being seen.

He thought that it was as well to take no chances, however, and he moved with great caution.

It did not take him long to reach the building, however.

He kept a sharp lookout, for he did not know but there might be sentinels on guard.

He soon discovered that this was the case; there was one sentinel, at least, for while Dick was yet ten yards



the building, he heard the measured footsteps of  
Himan.

"Aha! there is a sentinel, sure enough!" thought Dick.  
"Very well, I will not molest him to-night, but on some  
other night I really think I shall have to trouble him."

Dick turned and moved along at right angles, and made  
such observations as he could, without venturing nearer.

Deciding, finally, that he had done all he could, Dick  
turned to move away from the vicinity.

In doing so he accidentally tripped over something  
which lay in his way, and although he did not fall, he made  
some little noise.

The sentinel heard him.

"Halt! Who comes there?" the sentinel cried.

Of course, Dick did not reply.

Instead, he began slipping away at as rapid a pace as  
he dared attempt

"Halt, or I will fire!"

The sentinel's voice was stern and fierce.

"He means it," thought Dick, "but I am not going to  
halt, by any means; I will have to take the risk of being  
hit."

He kept on moving.

Crack! Roar!

The sentinel had fired.

It seemed to Dick as though the musket had made as  
much noise as a cannon.

The bullet had missed the youth by a foot or more, so  
he was all right so far as that was concerned, but he was  
well aware of the fact that the shot would arouse the other  
sentinels, and also any parties of redcoats that might be  
in the vicinity, and the chances were good that he would  
be chased hotly.

If he was to escape, he must move very lively, Dick  
knew, and he leaped forward and ran with all his might.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A FRIGHTENED LIVERYMAN.

Dick ran across the Common in the direction of the  
open country.

He felt that he would have a better chance to escape  
in the fields and among the trees than if he turned toward  
the city.

No doubt he was right about this.

The redcoats were after him quickly, however.

It happened that a party of a dozen redcoats were close

at hand when the sentinel fired, and they came running to  
see why the shot had been fired.

He explained quickly, and then the party set out across  
the Common, spreading out like a fan as it went, so as  
to catch the fugitive in case he attempted to double back.

This Dick did not attempt to do, so their precaution  
availed them nothing.

The redcoats fired a couple of volleys into the darkness  
in front of them, hoping to wound the fugitive with a  
pistol ball, which would make it an easy matter to cap-  
ture him.

One or two of the bullets came close to Dick, but did  
not hit him.

In a case of this kind, of course, it would be only the  
merest accident if a bullet should hit the mark for which  
it was intended, inasmuch as the bullets are always fired  
at random.

After the second volley, Dick felt safe.

"That empties their pistols," thought Dick, "and as they  
will be unable to reload as they run, they will not be able  
to fire any more shots."

This suited Dick, first-rate, and he set out to show his  
pursuers a clean pair of heels.

Dick was a splendid runner.

He had never yet found his match, either in a race for  
sport or a chase of this kind.

The redcoats kept up a continual shouting, and this gave  
the youth something to judge by, and he was not long  
in deciding that he was rapidly leaving his pursuers be-  
hind.

Their voices became less and less plain, and this was  
proof enough that this was the case.

Dick kept steadily onward, until he could hear no sounds  
of pursuit, whatever, and then he paused.

He listened intently.

He could hear no sound.

"I guess I have got clear away from them," he mur-  
mured; "and if that is the case, there is no need of my  
going any farther in this direction as I shall simply have  
that much more labor for my pains in walking back to  
the city."

He stood there for more than a minute, and listened  
closely.

Hearing nothing, he turned and started slowly back in  
the direction from which he had just come.

"I must get back and get my mule," the youth thought;  
"then I will get away as quickly as possible. I will re-  
turn to White Plains to-night and see the commander-in-  
chief, and try to get his consent to let me take my 'Liberty  
Boys' and make an attempt to capture the gold."



Dick made his way at a moderate pace.

Occasionally he paused and listened.

"I wonder, now, if those fellows would be likely to suspect that I might return, and lay in wait for me?" the youth asked himself.

"If they were to do that," he went on, "they would get me, after all, and that would be a terrible affair. I guess I will make assurance doubly sure by taking a roundabout course. I can't afford to take any chances."

With Dick, to decide was to act, and he immediately turned squarely to the right and walked off in that direction.

He did not know it, of course—in fact, he never knew it—but this action certainly saved his life, for less than a hundred yards from the point where he changed his course the redcoats were lying in ambush, and they would surely have riddled the youth with bullets had he come on until within range.

The redcoats had not detected the fact that their would-be prey was coming back, and they never knew how near they had come to making a success of their plan.

They waited there half an hour or so longer, and then made their way back to the city, strong in the belief that the fugitive had continued on out into the country.

Meanwhile, Dick had made very good progress, and as the redcoats entered the city at Broadway, Dick entered it at Sixth Avenue.

The youth made his way on down the street until he came to the cross street on which was situated the livery stable where he had left his mule.

Dick turned the corner and made his way toward the stable.

Dick was an exceptionally sharp youth.

The thought came to him that it might be possible that the Tories and redcoats had set a watch over the stable.

In that case they would try to capture him the instant he emerged from the livery stable riding the big white mule.

"No matter, I'll have to take the chances," said Dick to himself; "I have got to get out of the city to-night, and I am not going to leave Jehosaphat behind."

There was one thing that made Dick feel pretty well satisfied.

That was the fact that he had gotten rid of his suit of blue homespun and the old, slouch hat and heavy shoes.

But now, dressed as he was in a neat suit, light shoes and a nobby hat, he did not believe he would be recognized even though a watch had been set on the stable.

"Of course, when they see me ride out of the stable on the back of the mule, they will be apt to awaken to the fact that I am the same fellow who rode into the city on

a mule in the first place," thought Dick; "but I fancy I will be able to escape. Jehosaphat is not so slow as one might think, and by taking them by surprise and going out of the stable with a bulge, I think I will be able to get away in safety."

Dick walked briskly onward, and on reaching the livery stable, unhesitatingly entered it.

His quick eyes had noted a couple of redcoats standing over on the other side of the street.

"Those are the chaps who are on the lookout for me," thought Dick; "they didn't recognize me as I came, that is sure, but I guess they will do so when I go."

A man and a boy were seated just within the entrance to the livery stable.

The man was the same one who had been there that afternoon when Dick left the mule.

"Something I can do for you, sir?" the man asked, rising.

"I will take my mule, sir, if you please," replied Dick.

"Your—mule?"

The man glanced Dick over from head to foot and then peered, searchingly, into the youth's face.

"You don't mean to say that you are the young fellow who left that mule here?" he asked, doubtingly.

"I do mean to say that very thing, sir; and now, if you will have the boy bridle my mule and bring him out here, I shall be much obliged. What is the bill?"

"Um—ah—two shillings."

Evidently the man was somewhat rattled.

He looked at Dick in such a peculiar manner that the youth became suspicious.

While drawing the money from his pocket, Dick had kept his eye on the liveryman.

"He seems to be more disconcerted than is necessary," Dick thought, as he handed the man the two shillings; "I wonder what is the reason for it."

"Thank you," the man said, pocketing the money. "Your mule will be ready for you in a few moments."

Then he turned and strolled carelessly toward the entrance.

Instantly the thought came to Dick that the liveryman was in league with the redcoats.

"He has been bribed to let them know if any one calls for the mule," thought Dick. "I shall have to put a stop to that."

Under the skirt of his coat Dick carried two pistols.

Quickly drawing one of the pistols, Dick leaped in front of the liveryman and stuck the muzzle of the weapon under his nose.

"Stop!" the youth commanded.



His voice though low, was stern and threatening.

The liveryman stopped.

"W-what d-does this m-mean?" he gasped.

"It means business, every time!" grimly. "You intended to warn those redcoats over the way that I had come for my mule, but you are not going to do so, if I can help it; and I think I can."

"Y-you are m-mistaken, I assure y-you," the man stammered; "I w-wouldn't do such a t-thing for the w-world."

"You won't do it, at any rate," declared Dick, grimly. "Just step back there, now, and take things easy; if you try to get past me or open your mouth to call out to the redcoats, I will blow the top of your head off!"

The youth was so evidently in earnest that the man was badly frightened.

There was not the least doubt in his mind but that the youth would keep his word.

He took two or three steps backward, quickly.

"I have no intention of trying to get past you or of calling out," the liveryman hastened to say. "I assure you that you are wronging me in thinking anything of the kind."

"I am sorry if such is the case," said Dick, "but self-preservation is the first law of nature, you know, and I cannot afford to take any chances."

"Oh, no, I don't blame you."

The boy came forward from the back part of the stable, leading the mule.

"Now, just a word of warning," said Dick to the man; "if you know when you are well off you will keep quiet and take no part in this affair. I am going to mount now and ride out of the stable; while I am doing that, I will not be able to give you as much attention as I am doing right now, and you will have a chance to warn the redcoats that I am about to appear; but I give you my word that if you do so I shall take time to stop and put a bullet through you, even if by doing so I risk being captured."

Dick's tone was grim and determined, and it was evident that he meant just what he said.

"You needn't fear, I shall not say a word," the man declared.

"If you are wise, you will not."

Dick thrust the pistol in his belt and stepping to the side of the mule leaped upon the animal's back at a single bound.

Then he gathered up the bridle reins and patted the mule on the neck.

"Now, Jehosaphat, old fellow," he said, "there is work for you to do."

Then he touched the mule on the flanks with his heels.

This was the signal for the mule to go at his best gait, and the animal leaped forward almost into a run from the very start.

Out through the entrance he dashed and down the street he went at a lively pace.

The redcoats who had been deputed to watch the stable were taken entirely by surprise.

They had not been expecting anything of this kind.

Before they could arouse themselves and become fully awakened to the situation, Dick was forty or fifty feet away.

They could not be sure that the rider of the mule was the person they were on the lookout for, but they suspected that he was, and made up their minds to stop him if they could.

They whipped out their pistols and fired.

Of course, they did not stop to take aim, and the result was that the bullets went wild.

Before they could draw their other pistols and fire a second time, the mule and rider had turned the corner and disappeared from their sight.

"Blazes!" exclaimed one of the redcoats to his comrade. "What do you think of that, anyway?"

"I think that was a regular surprise party," was the reply; "I wasn't looking for any blamed old mule to come bulging out in that fashion, were you?"

"No, I must acknowledge that I wasn't. Say, that old, white mule can run equal to a race horse, can't it?"

"I should say so, but say, I wonder why in the blazes that liveryman didn't give us warning as he promised to do."

"I don't know, but we'll find out mighty quick."

The two hastened across the street to the livery stable and were met at the entrance by the liveryman.

That gentleman looked rather sheepish.

"Say, you're a pretty fellow," growled one of the redcoats. "I thought you were going to let us know when that young scoundrel come for his mule."

"Yes, you promised to do so," said the other redcoat.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was, gentlemen," the liveryman said; "I was just going to come to the entrance, and give you the signal agreed upon—in fact, I started to do so, when the young rascal jumped in front of me and stuck the muzzle of a pistol in my face."

"Aha! He suspected you, then?"

"You are right; he said that if I attempted to give you warning he would blow the top of my head off, so I decided not to make the attempt. I judge you do not blame me much."

The redcoats shook their heads.



"No," replied one, "we can't blame you under the circumstances. I guess either of us would have done the same."

The other redcoat nodded assent.

"That's a fact," he said. "When a fellow runs the risk of getting his head blowed off if he opens his mouth and talks, he is mighty apt to decide that it will be best to keep still."

The liveryman nodded.

"You're right, gentlemen," he said; "and I am glad that you do not blame me; I would have warned you as I agreed to if I could have done so without running the risk of losing my life; self preservation is the first law of nature, you know."

"Yes, you're right about that," the redcoats agreed; "well, the young fellow has escaped, so the best thing we can do is to go and report the fact."

Then the two took their departure.

## CHAPTER X.

### "THE LIBERTY BOYS' FLUSH TIMES."

Dick kept Jehosaphat going at a good speed till they reached the edge of the city.

The people on the streets stared in wonder.

The big, white mule was such an ungainly beast that he could not but attract attention.

So long as no one interfered with him, however, Dick did not care.

They were entirely welcome to look at him.

As soon as they were out in the open, Dick headed the mule in the direction of old Bowery Lane.

They were soon in the lane, headed northward, and Jehosaphat settled down to a long, swinging gallop which carried him over the ground quite rapidly.

Dick knew the road well.

He was aware that British sentinels were stationed on the road close to the point where the bridge crossed the Harlem River.

It was an hour and a half's ride to the river.

When he had reached a point perhaps a quarter of a mile distant from the bridge, Dick urged the mule forward at a run.

The youth knew that he would be challenged by the sentinels and made up his mind to go straight ahead and risk the bullets which he was sure would be sent after him.

It turned out as he anticipated.

The sentinels challenged him, and then as he paid no attention to the challenge, but went on past like a whirlwind, they fired a couple of shots.

Neither of the bullets took effect, however, and a few moments later Dick was safe on the other side of the river, Jehosaphat having crossed the bridge on the run, the clatter of his hoofs on the boards sounding like the rumble of nearby thunder.

"Now I am safe," thought Dick, "and if it should happen that I can put the plan which I have formed into a successful operation, by this time to-morrow night my brave 'Liberty Boys' will be reveling in British gold, for I have made up my mind that we will secure the gold those fellows unloaded from that ship to-night, or die trying."

It was about two o'clock in the morning when Dick arrived at the patriot encampment at White Plains.

He went at once to the quarters occupied by the "Liberty Boys."

He entered without disturbing any one, and throwing himself down on his coat was asleep almost instantly.

The "Liberty Boys" greeted Dick with delight next morning when they awoke and found him among them.

They fairly worshiped their young commander.

When he told them about the gold and of how he had made up his mind to try to secure it, they were wild with delight.

"Hurrah!" cried Bob Estabrook. "We'll have that gold or we'll have the biggest kind of a fight with those redcoats."

"We'll get the gold, all right!" declared Mark Morrison, confidently.

"We'll try for it, at any rate," said Dick.

After breakfast he went to headquarters and reported to the commander-in-chief.

General Washington was glad to see Dick, and listened with interest to the youth's story of the plan which he had formed for trying to capture the British gold.

"And now, your excellency," said Dick, in conclusion, "if you will give your consent for us to make the attempt, we will do our best to make a success of it."

"I do not doubt that, Dick," was the reply, "but have you considered what risk there is attached to the undertaking? Why, you are figuring on going right into New York City."

"I am aware of that, your excellency, I have taken everything into consideration and I feel confident that although at first blush it may seem like a wild, foolish scheme, yet I assure you that I am sincere when I tell you



that I believe we shall be able to succeed in our undertaking."

"I am sure that you are sincere in believing thus, Dick; I will say further, that I am satisfied that if it is possible that such a daring scheme can be made a success, you and our 'Liberty Boys' are the persons to do the work."

Dick flushed slightly at this praise.

He was a youth who was as modest as he was brave.

"We will do our best to make the affair a success, your excellency," he said, "and if you will give the necessary permission, we will make the attempt this very night."

The commander-in-chief pondered a few moments.

"We are certainly sadly in need of gold, Dick," he said, slowly and deliberately; "and as there is a possibility that you may succeed in your undertaking, I am going to give my consent for you to make the attempt. I will say further, Dick, that if you succeed in securing this gold, you will be doing one of the best things for the great cause of Liberty that you have ever yet done—and that is saying a good deal."

"Thank you very much, your excellency, I will go at once and begin making arrangements for the undertaking."

"You will be very careful, Dick?"

"Yes, indeed, your excellency, we will take no more chances than is absolutely necessary."

"Be sure that you do not."

After a few more words, Dick saluted and withdrew.

"Did he give his consent, Dick?" asked Bob Estabrook, eagerly, when Dick returned to the "Liberty Boys' quarters."

"Yes," replied Dick, "he gave his consent."

"Hurrah!" cried Bob.

All of the "Liberty Boys" were delighted.

They began making preparations for their undertaking at once.

As it would be necessary to have a wagon to bring the gold away in, in case they were successful in securing it, Dick secured a wagon from a farmer who lived a short distance from the encampment.

This farmer raised a great deal of produce and was in the habit of going to the city with a load of vegetables, etc., quite frequently.

Dick made arrangements with this farmer, who was a patriot, to have him go to the city with a load of vegetables on this day of which I write.

It was understood that the farmer was to go into the city and sell his products, as was his custom, but he was to delay his departure for home until after nightfall, then he was to drive only across the common, where he was to stop and wait; then in case the "Liberty Boys" succeeded

in their undertaking, he was to drive close up to the rear of the building in which the gold was stored, when it would be a simple matter to load the chests and bags into the wagon.

It was a good scheme, and Dick believed that so far as that part of it was concerned, at least, it would be a success.

The farmer and his son drove past the encampment at about ten o'clock.

"They have a nice load of vegetables," said Dick, "and will have no difficulty whatever in getting into the city; there is no doubt but that they will be able to do their part, and in order to assure the success of our undertaking, it is only necessary for us to do our part."

"Oh, we'll do our part all right!" declared Bob, confidently.

Bob was of a very sanguine temperament, and, moreover, he had the utmost faith in the abilities of the "Liberty Boys' " brave young commander.

He did not think Dick could fail in anything which he undertook.

Dick and his companions did not start until about six o'clock in the evening.

By riding leisurely, they would reach the Harlem River at about nine o'clock.

It would be quite dark by that time and they would be enabled to capture the sentinels at the bridge and make their way on down to the city in safety.

This plan was successfully carried out.

When they reached the bridge across the Harlem River, Dick and Bob rode slowly across the bridge and on down the road.

They were halted by the sentinels as they expected to be.

A score of the "Liberty Boys," acting under Dick's orders, had dismounted and followed the youths on foot.

When the British sentinels halted Dick and Bob, those "Liberty Boys" slipped up and surrounded the redcoats.

To leap upon the two sentinels, then, and make prisoners of them was an easy matter and was quickly done.

Then the entire force of "Liberty Boys" crossed the bridge.

Dick left two of the youths to keep charge of the prisoners, and then the rest of the "Liberty Boys" rode onward toward the southward.

It was half-past ten when they reached the edge of the Common.

They dismounted at once, and Dick went in search of the farmer and his wagon.

He soon found the objects of his search.



The farmer had driven into a little clump of trees, and had been there for an hour, he said.

"Very well; remain here until I send for you," said Dick; "then drive over to the building which stands right at the end of Broadway, as I instructed you."

"All right, I'll do it," the farmer said.

Then Dick returned to where he had left his "Liberty Boys," and made known his plans to the youths.

"The first thing to do, is to make a prisoner of the sentinel on guard at the rear of the building," said Dick. "Bob, you will take a couple of men and attend to that."

"All right, Dick."

"See to it that the fellow does not raise an alarm; don't kill him if you can help it, but knock him senseless or choke him so that he will be unable to cry out."

"All right, we'll attend to it all right, Dick."

"The part I am going to play is, of course, a daring and dangerous one, but I think it will succeed. I am going to make a circuit and approach the building from the south; I am dressed in a British uniform, as you know, and I shall tell the guards that I am a special messenger to the keeper of the building, and will get into the building by telling the keeper the same thing. Then I will make the keeper a prisoner, and will toll the sentinels, one at a time, inside the building, and make prisoners of them. Then I will close and lock the front door, open the rear one, and you will enter, and we will load the gold into the wagon and get out, in a hurry."

"I hope you will succeed, Dick," said Bob.

"I shall do my best, and I think all will work out all right. Well, good-by, boys!"

"Good-by, and good luck!" the youths replied, and then Dick took his departure.

He made a wide circuit, and entered the city at Sixth Avenue.

He went on south a couple of blocks, and then crossed to Broadway and came back up till he reached the building in which the gold was stored.

Dick had his plans all matured, and he put them into execution, boldly.

He walked rapidly across to the building, and when stopped by the sentinels, he said:

"I am a messenger from the commander-in-chief to the keeper of this building."

The sentinels stepped aside and let the bold youth pass, without a word.

"So far, so good!" thought Dick, and then he walked up to the door of the building and knocked.

After a little delay the door was opened and the keeper appeared.

"I have a message to deliver; it is from the commander-in-chief," said Dick, quickly, and he pressed forward.

The keeper was taken by storm, as it were, and involuntarily stepped aside and let the youth enter.

He closed the door and turned—to feel his throat seized as in a grip of steel.

Dick had improved his opportunity, had secured his favorite throat-hold and he choked the keeper into insensibility in a very short space of time.

Then he bound and gagged the man, carried him into a vacant room, and, returning, opened the door and called to one of the sentinels.

"Come in here a moment," he said; "the keeper wishes to see you."

The sentinel, entirely unsuspecting, advanced and entered the building—to be treated the same as the keeper had been.

Dick disposed of him as easily as he had of the first man, and, binding and gagging him, carried him in and deposited him on the floor beside the keeper.

He hastened back to the door, opened it and called to the other sentinel.

"Come in here a moment; the keeper has something to tell you, also," Dick said. "It is orders from the commander-in-chief."

This brought the man quickly.

He did not suspect anything until it was too late, and Dick soon had him bound and gagged.

"Good!" murmured Dick, in a tone of satisfaction. "Now, if the boys have been as successful, we will soon be reveling in British gold."

Dick locked the front door and then hastened to the one at the rear.

He unlocked this door and opened it—to find Bob and the other "Liberty Boys" who had been with him in making a prisoner of the sentinel—which feat had been accomplished without difficulty.

"Everything is all right," said Dick. "Bob, you go and bring the boys; and, Mark, you go and tell the farmer to come here with the wagon at once. You know where he is—in that clump of trees."

The two hastened away, and within ten minutes' time the "Liberty Boys" were all on hand, and the farmer had driven up to the rear of the building.

When the "Liberty Boys" entered the building and saw the bags and chests of gold, they were almost paralyzed with amazement.

There was gold everywhere—British gold.

The "Liberty Boys" had never seen so much gold.

"This will help the great cause, if we can get it safely



way," thought Dick; "and we will do it, or die trying!" The work of transferring the gold from the building in the wagon was begun at once.

The "Liberty Boys" worked hard and swiftly, too, but for obvious reasons they were very careful, for they knew that it would be extremely dangerous to make much noise.

Fortune favors the brave, they say, and in this case the truth of the old saying was amply proven.

The youth succeeded in getting all the gold out of the building and into the wagon without having attracted the attention of any one.

When the work was finished, Dick told the farmer to drive on, and the man did so.

The youths went to where they had left their horses and mounting, rode slowly along behind the treasure-wagon.

It was slow work, as the wagon was so heavily laden that the horses had to go at a walk and, of course, the "Liberty Boys" would not go ahead.

They remained behind the wagon in readiness to fight for the gold in case the redcoats discovered their loss and gave pursuit.

This did not occur, and the entire party reached the patriot encampment at White Plains just at sunrise next morning.

The arrival of the "Liberty Boys" with a wagonload of gold, created immense excitement among the patriot soldiers, and the youths were the heroes of the hour.

General Washington, as may well be supposed, was overjoyed, and in addition to complimenting the youths in unmeasured terms on their wonderful achievement, he made each of them take one hundred dollars in gold as prize money, and in token of his appreciation of the great work they had done for the cause.

These were, indeed, flush times for the brave "Liberty Boys," and it might be truly said that they were "Reveling in British Gold."

THE END.

The next number (41) of "The Liberty Boys of '76" will contain "THE LIBERTY BOYS IN A SNARE; OR, ALMOST TRAPPED," by Harry Moore.

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